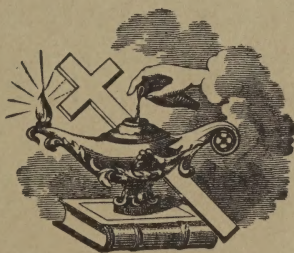


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THE
AMERICAN
CATHOLIC QUARTERLY
REVIEW.

Bonum est homini ut eum veritas vincat volentem, quia malum est homini ut eum veritas vincet
invitum. Nam ipsa vincat necesse est, sive negantem sive confitentem.
S. AUG. EPIST. CCXXXVIII. AD PASCENT.



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(Extract from Salutatory, July, 1890.)

Vol. XLIX.—JANUARY, 1924—No. 193

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD, PIUS XI, BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE, POPE, TO THE VENERABLE BROTHERS—PATRIARCHS, PRIMATES, ARCHBISHOPS, BISHOPS, AND TO OTHER LOCAL ORDINARIES—IN PEACE AND COMMUNION WITH THE APOSTOLIC SEE

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE FEAST
OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST AS KING

To our Venerable Brothers—Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, Bishops, and other local Ordinaries—in peace and communion with the Apostolical See.

— POPE PIUS XI.

VENERABLE BROTHERS:

Health and Apostolical blessing: We recall that in the first Encyclical letters which We addressed to the entire sacred hierarchy at the beginning of our Pontificate, as We enumerated the chief causes of the calamities with which We beheld mankind oppressed and struggling, We said plainly not only that this deluge of evils had invaded the world because so many mortals had put Jesus Christ and His most holy law out of their ordinary life, their domestic

relations, and public affairs, but also that the hope of a lasting peace among the nations and states would never dawn so long as individual men and states denied and excluded the empire of Our Savior. Accordingly, as We gave warning that the peace of Christ must be sought in the kingdom of Christ, so We would do all in our power for this: in the kingdom of Christ, We say, since for re-establishing and confirming peace nothing seemed to us more efficacious than to work for the restoration of the empire of Our Lord. The popular interest, either just developed or far more earnestly aroused, in Christ and in His Church as the one means of salvation have stirred within Us brighter hope of better times: and it would also appear that many who, despising the principality of the Redeemer, as if they had been banished from His kingdom, are ready to enter again and to persevere in their return to the duties of obedience.

Have not the events and accomplishments of the holy Year, so worthy to be recorded and remembered, brought the greatest honor and glory to the Founder of the Church, Our Lord and Sovereign King! The public expositions of our holy Missions have deeply impressed on the minds and senses of mankind the incessant labors of the Church for the kingdom of her Spouse, broadening out daily to every land and the most distant islands of the seas; as also the great number of localities enrolled under the name Catholic by a profusion of sweat and blood of most valiant and indomitable missionaries, and the vastness of the regions still left to be brought under the benign domination of our King. How very many, besides, during this holy time, have come from everywhere to the City, led by their prelates and priests, with the one thought in every mind, to profess with souls truly contrite at the tomb of the Apostles and in Our presence that they are and that they will remain under the empire of Christ! This very kingdom of Our Savior appeared resplendent with a certain new light as We with well-merited praise of their most distinguished virtues decreed the honors of saints in heaven to six confessors and virgins. Oh! what pleasure filled our soul and what consolation when, in the majesty of the Petrine temple, after the reading of Our decreed decision, there arose the cry from the vast multitude of the faithful, as an act of thanksgiving: Thou, Christ, King of glory. Whilst men and nations have strayed from God, going headlong to their end and destruction by the raging flames of envy and internal disturbances, the Church of God goes on imparting the food of spiritual life to the human race, begetting and nourishing one after another most holy generations of men and women, never failing after she has kept them most faithful and obedient members in the terrestrial kingdom to proclaim their eternal

beatitude in the heavenly kingdom. During this Jubilee also, We ordained that the most important event, the sixteen hundredth anniversary of the Nicene Council, should be joyfully celebrated and we commemorated it in the Vatican Basilica since that Council approved and proposed as an article of Catholic faith that the only begotten Son is one in substance with the Father, and also inserted in its formula of faith or Symbol "of Whose kingdom there will be no end," thus affirming the royal dignity of Christ.

Since, therefore, this holy Year has given an opportunity for illustrating the kingdom of Christ, We believe We shall be doing something entirely in keeping with Our apostolical charge if, in answer to the prayers of very many of the faithful, addressed to Us either by individuals or by groups, We should close this holy Year by introducing into the ecclesiastical liturgy a special feast of Our Lord, Jesus Christ as King. This subject matter so delights Us that We desire to speak of it more at length, Venerable Brothers, for it will be your part to accommodate whatever We shall say concerning the worship of Christ as King to the popular mind and feeling, so that they may derive, and in future avail of, very many advantages by celebrating annually this solemnity.

That Christ should be styled King in the figurative meaning of the word has long been of common usage, on account of the exalted excellence by which He surpasses eminently all created things. Thus it happens that He is said to reign in the mind of man, not so much because of mental power or great extent of knowledge, as because He is very Truth, and mortal man must necessarily derive and obediently accept truth from Him. He reigns likewise in the wills of men because in Him there is an altogether perfect integrity and compliance of the human will with the holiness of the divine will, and He so subjects our free will by His own influence and impulses as to make us aspire to all that is most noble. Christ finally is acknowledged as King of hearts on account of His charity, surpassing all knowledge¹ and a meekness and benignity attracting souls. Never until now has anyone been so much loved by all the peoples of the world, nor will it ever happen in future that anyone will be loved as Christ Jesus.

However, to go more deeply into the subject, everyone sees that the name and power of King in the strictest meaning of the word belongs rightfully to Christ as man.² For, unless as man He may be said to have received *power* and *glory* and *kingdom* from the Father, since He is the Word of God, with the same substance as the Father, He cannot have all things in common with the Father, and

¹ Ephesians, III, 19

² Daniel, VII, 13-14

consequently the very highest and most absolute empire over all created things.

Do we not read in Scripture everywhere of Christ as King-For He is styled "the ruler that is to come out of Jacob,"³ "who is constituted by the Father King over His Holy Mount of Sion, and who will receive the nations as His inheritance, and the things of the earth for His possession."⁴ The nuptial hymn in which, under the appearance and similitude of a most rich and powerful King, is celebrated the true King of Israel who was to come, says: "Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: the sceptre of Thy kingdom is a sceptre of uprightness."⁵ Omitting many other such citations in another passage, as if to adumbrate the figure of Christ more clearly, it was prophesied that His kingdom, without limit or boundary, would bestow in abundance gifts of justice and peace: "In His days shall justice spring up and abundance of peace . . . and He shall rule from Sea to Sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth."⁶ There are besides the more copious oracles of the prophets, that of Isaias especially so frequently quoted: "A child is born to us, and a Son is given to us, and the government is upon His shoulder; and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, God the Mighty, the Father of the world to come, the Prince of Peace. His empire shall be multiplied, and there shall be no end of peace: He shall sit upon the throne of David and upon His kingdom: to establish it and strengthen it with judgment and with justice, from henceforth and forever."⁷ Nor do the other prophets foretell any different message from Isaias, Jeremias predicting "a just branch" from the seed of David, who, as son of David, "shall reign and shall be wise and shall execute judgment and justice in the earth;"⁸ or Daniel, who announced a kingdom to be established by the God of Heaven which "shall never be destroyed . . . shall stand forever;"⁹ and somewhat further on "I beheld, therefore, in the vision of the night, and lo, one like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and He came even to the Ancient of days: and they presented Him before him. And he gave Him power and glory and a kingdom: and all the peoples, tribes and tongues shall serve Him. His power is an everlasting power that shall not be taken away: and His kingdom that shall not be destroyed."¹⁰ Do not all the holy writers of the Gospels recognize that prediction of Zachary concerning the meek King who "riding upon an ass and upon a colt, the foal of an ass"¹¹ was to enter Jerusalem, the just one and Savior.

³ Numbers, XXIV, 19

⁴ Psalms, II, 8

⁵ Psalms, XLIV, 7

⁶ Psalms, LXXI, 7-8

⁷ Isaias, IX, 6-7

⁸ Jeremias, XXIII, 5

⁹ Daniel, II, 44

¹⁰ Daniel, VII, 13-14

¹¹ Zachary, IX, 9

The same doctrine of Christ as King which We have found written in the books of the Old Testament is not lacking in the pages of the New, but, on the contrary, magnificently and splendidly confirmed, in which connection We need scarcely mention the message of the archangel by whom the Virgin is instructed she is to bear a son, to whom "the Lord God shall give the throne of David his father: and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever. And of his kingdom there shall be no end."¹²

Christ Himself gives testimony of His empire, as when He spoke in His last sermon to the people concerning rewards and punishment to be meted out to the just and the wicked; when He answered the Roman Governor inquiring publicly whether He was a King; when, after He had arisen, He committed to the Apostles the charge to teach and baptise all nations as far as they could, attributing to Himself the name of King,¹³ openly proclaimed Himself King¹⁴ and solemnly declared that all power was given to Him in heaven and on earth¹⁵ by which words He can mean only the magnitude of His power and the infinitude of His kingdom. Is it surprising, therefore, if He who is called "Prince of the Kings of the earth"¹⁶ be the same who appeared to the Apostle in his vision of the future "having on His garment and on His thigh written: King of Kings and Lord of Lords,"¹⁷ for the Father hath appointed Him (Christ) "heir of all things,"¹⁸ and it behooveth Him to reign until at the end of the world He shall place all His enemies under the feet of God, the Father?¹⁹ From this common teaching of the sacred books, it must certainly follow that the Catholic Church, which is the kingdom of Christ on earth, in order to bring before all men and in all lands its Author and Founder, through the yearly cycle of the sacred liturgy, should hail Him King and Lord and King of Kings in manifold ceremonies of veneration. As in her oldest offices of praise and in her ancient sacramentaries she has used these expressions of honor, all expressing one and the same thing in a marvelous variety of voices, so in her public prayers offered daily to the divine Majesty and in the immolation of the Immaculate Victim she uses them at present; in this perpetual laudation for Christ as King, it is easy to perceive the most beautiful agreement between our own and the Oriental Rites, so that in this matter also it is right to say: "The law of prayer determines the law of belief."

¹² Luke, I, 32-33¹³ Matthew, XXV, 31-40¹⁴ John, XVIII, 37¹⁵ Matthew, XXVIII, 18¹⁶ Apocalypse, I, 5¹⁷ Apocalypse, XIX, 16¹⁸ Hebrews, I, 2¹⁹ I Corinthians, XV, 25

Cyril of Alexandria indicates the foundation on which this dignity and power of Our Lord rest: "In one word, He has dominion over every creature, nor extorted by violence, nor acquired from any sources other than His essence and nature" ²⁰ that is, His principality is founded on the admirable union which is called "hypostatic" whence it follows not only that Christ is to be adored as God by angels and men, but also that angels and men must be subject to His empire as Man. Thus by the very title of "hypostatic" union, Christ possesses power over every creature. What could be more agreeable or sweet to think upon than that Christ has empire over us, not only by a natural right, but by an acquired right also, viz., by His Redemption: Would that all forgetful men would recall of what value we are in the Savior's eyes: "You were not redeemed with corruptible things as gold or silver . . . but with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb unspotted and undefiled." ²¹ We are no longer our own since Christ has bought us with a "great price." ²² Our very bodies "are the members of Christ." ²³

Now, in order to show briefly the effect and the nature of this principality, it consists as need scarcely be said, of that threefold power without which principality is meaningless. The testimonies concerning the universal empire of our Redeemer already adduced and cited from the sacred scriptures are more than sufficient proof of this, and it is an article of Catholic Faith that Christ Jesus has been given to all men as a Redeemer in whom they trust and as a law-maker also whom they obey. The Gospels narrate not so much that He founded laws, as that the laws constituted Him a Founder. Whosoever shall keep His precepts, they, according to the divine Master, now in one phrase and now in another, are to experience His charity and to dwell in His love. ²⁴ The judicial power given to Him by his Father Jesus spoke of to the Jews, when they accused Him of violating the Sabbath rest by His marvellous cure of the infirm man: "For neither doth the Father judge any man, but hath given all judgment to the Son" ²⁵, in which is comprised, since it cannot be separated from judgment, that he may confer by his own right reward and punishment on men still living. Besides, that power which is called executive must also be attributed to Christ, since it is necessary that all obey His empire and submit to that imposition of punishments on the contumacious from which there can be no escape.

However, the texts which We have cited above plainly show, and Christ Our Lord by His manner of action confirms the fact,

²⁰ In Luke, 10

²¹ I Peter, I, 18-19

²² I Corinthians, VI, 20

²³ I Corinthians, VI, 15

²⁴ John, XIV, 15; XV, 10

²⁵ John, V, 22

that this kingdom is in a special manner spiritual and concerned with spiritual things. In fact, on more than one occasion when the Jews and even the Apostles themselves erroneously thought that Christ would establish liberty for the people and restore the kingdom of Israel, He deprived them of this vain opinion and hope. Proclaimed King by a surrounding multitude of admirers, He deprecated both the name and the honor by fleeing and hiding. Before the Roman Governor, He declared His kingdom is not of this earth. It is a kingdom as described in the gospels into which men may prepare to enter by doing penance; into which they cannot enter except by faith and baptism. This baptism, though an external rite, signifies nevertheless and effects interior regeneration. This kingdom is opposed only by that of Satan and the powers of darkness, and it requires of its citizens not only that, with mind detached from riches and earthly goods, they cultivate refinement of morals and thirst and hunger after justice, but also that they deny themselves and take up their cross. Since, however, Christ has acquired the Church as its Redeemer by His blood, and as the Priest is perpetually offering Himself as a victim for sin, who does not see that His royal function itself takes on and shares in the nature of both these titles? It is a shameful error to deny to Christ as man empire over any civil thing whatsoever, since He has from His Father the most absolute right over all created things, as all things have been placed in His power. However, as long as He lived on the earth He abstained from exercising such dominion and although He despised the possession of and the effort to acquire human things, yet He allowed and still allows them to their possessors. According to the very beautiful words, "He depriveth not of mortal things who giveth heavenly kingdom."²⁶ Therefore, the principality of our Redeemer embraces all men, on which point We gladly make Our own the words of Our predecessor of immortal memory, Leo XIII: "His empire extends not only over Catholic nations and those who, having been duly washed in the waters of holy Baptism, belong of right to the Church, although erroneous opinions keep them astray, or dissent from her teaching cuts them off from her care; it comprises also all those who are deprived of the Christian faith, so that the whole human race is most truly under the power of Jesus Christ."²⁷

Nor should individuals think that domestic and civil groups, because they form a society, are less under the power of Christ than the individual. There is but one and the same source of salvation for an individual and for the community. "Neither is there salvation in any other. For there is no other name under heaven given

²⁶ Hymn, Epiphany²⁷ Encyclical, *Annum Sacrum*

to men, whereby we must be saved.”²⁸ There is but one and the same author of public prosperity and true salvation for the citizen as for the commonwealth. “Not by one cause is a state blessed, and men by another, since the state is nothing else but a multitude of men dwelling in harmony.”²⁹ Let not, therefore, the rulers of states refuse themselves to give or to let people give public manifestation of reverence and of service to the empire of Christ, if they wish with unimpaired authority to advance and increase the fortunes of their country. For what We wrote at the beginning of Our Pontificate of the rapidly diminishing rights of authority and respect for power may be repeated now as not less true and applicable. “For with God and Jesus Christ, as We deplored, shut out from the laws and the commonwealth, with authority no longer derived from God but from man, it must happen that . . . the very foundations of authority will crumble on the loss of the principal reason why some should have the right to govern and others the duty to obey. The whole fabric of human society must be shaken as it rests no longer on any solid basis or support.”³⁰

Wherefore, whenever men shall in public and private acknowledge the royal power of Christ, incredible benefits will necessarily come to the entire civil community, as for instance, justice and liberty, order and tranquillity, concord and peace. For, as the royal dignity of Our Lord imbues the human authority of princes and governors with religion, so also it ennoble the duties and services of citizens. Hence, the Apostle Paul, when commending wives and servants that they should venerate Christ in the husband and in the master, warned, however, that they are not to obey them as men, but only because they hold the place of Christ, since it would not be right that men redeemed by Christ should be subject to men: “You are bought with a price; be not made the bondslaves of men.”³¹

Now, if rulers and magistrates legitimately chosen be convinced that they rule not by their own right, but by the mandate and in the place of the divine King, is it not clear how holily and wisely they would use their authority, and how reasonable they would be in making and in executing laws for the common good and the human dignity of their subjects? From this the tranquillity of order would surely grow and with every source of sedition removed become permanent. Whereas, when a citizen beholds in a prince or any other of the commonwealth, men by nature his equal and for one cause or other unworthy and censurable, he will not on that account ignore

²⁸ Acts, IV, 12

²⁹ Augustine, ad Macedonium, 18, c. III

³⁰ Ubi Arcano

³¹ I Corinthians, VII, 23

their right of rule when in them he will perceive the image and authority of Christ as God and Man. As for the principal functions of concord and peace, it is clear that the broader this kingdom becomes and spreads among men universally, all the more will they become conscious of the common interest which binds them together and this consciousness, besides anticipating and preventing frequent dissensions, will also soften and diminish their asperities. Nay, if the kingdom of Christ should in fact embrace all as it does by right, could We despair of that peace which the King of Peace brought upon earth? He who came to reconcile all things, who did not come to be ministered unto, but to minister, and, although He was God of all, gave an example of humility, establishing a special law connected with the precepts of charity, saying besides: "My yoke is sweet and my burden light!"³² O! what blessings we should enjoy if individuals and families and states would allow themselves to be governed by Christ! "Then at length," to use the words which Our predecessor LEO XIII addressed to the entire sacred hierarchy twenty-five years ago, "it will be possible to heal all wounds, then every right will revive again the hope of pristine authority, then will the ornaments of peace be restored, and then will swords be shattered and arms fall from the hands, when all shall accept willingly and obey the empire of Christ, and every tongue confess that the Lord Jesus Christ is in the glory of God the Father."³³

Now since for this it is necessary to spread abroad as widely as possible a knowledge of the royal dignity of our Savior in order that these most desirable advantages be more properly appreciated and that they become more stable in Christian society, it would seem that nothing will be better for this purpose than to establish a proper and special feast day of Christ as King. For imbuing the people with the faith and leading them by faith to the interior joys of life, far more efficacious are the annual celebrations of the sacred mysteries than even the most weighty documents of ecclesiastical teaching. As a rule these latter reach only the few and the more learned, whereas the former impress and teach all the faithful. One means, we may say, speaks, but once; the other speaks every year and forever. The document appeals effectively to the mind and heart, that is to the whole man. Since man consists of soul and body, he should be so moved and interested as to drink in divine doctrines more abundantly through the variety and beauty of the sacred rites, and, converting it into vigor and blood, make it serve him for progress in the spiritual life. It is, besides, handed down by tradition that celebrations of this kind in the course of the centuries have grown

³² Matthew, XI, 30

³³ Annum Sanctum, 25 May, 1899

one out of the other whenever the necessity or utility of the Christian people seemed to demand them, when, for instance, the people were to be strengthened in some common crisis, to be fortified against the spread of heretical error, or moved to more vivid recollection and emotion to recall with more earnest piety some mystery of faith or some great blessing of the divine goodness.

Thus it was from the first ages of our redemption when Christians were most cruelly persecuted they began to commemorate the martyrs with sacred rites, so that Augustine says: "the solemnities of the Martyrs were exhortation to martyrdom."³⁴ The liturgical honors paid later on to holy confessors, virgins and widows had a wonderful effect in encouraging among the faithful the pursuit of virtue which were needed in times of peace. Most of all the celebration of the Feasts which were instituted in honor of the most Blessed Virgin brought about that Christians not only cultivated her as the Mother of God and as a most intimate patroness, but also loved her more ardently as a mother left to them by the Redeemer, as by will and testament.

It is in this connection we admire the design of the most provident God who, as He is wont to draw good out of evil itself, permits at times either that popular faith and piety may grow remiss, or that false doctrines may undermine Catholic truth, with the result, however, that these latter will stand out with a certain new splendor, and the former, roused from their sluggishness, will aim at something higher and holier.

Of a fact, the solemnities which in less remote days were introduced into the annual calendar of the liturgy were not otherwise in their origins nor different in their fruits, as for instance, when reverence and devotion to the august Sacrament was growing cold, the Feast of Corpus Christi was instituted, so that special processions and supplications extended to eight days, might restore among the people the public adoration of Our Lord; and as again the celebration in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus was introduced when the minds of men, debilitated and discouraged by the sadness and morose severity of the Jansenists, had utterly cooled and been frightened away from the love of God and confidence in salvation.

In ordering that Christ should be worshipped as King by the universal Catholic body, we are at one and the same time providing for the necessities of these times and applying the principal remedy for the disease which is infecting human society. We are speaking of the disease of our age, laicism, as it is so called, with its errors and nefarious movements, and impiety, which, as you know, Vener-

³⁴ Sermon 47 on Saints

able Brethren, has matured not overnight, since it has already long infected the very organism of states, beginning with denial of the empire of Christ over all nations; denying what exists by the very right of Christ, the right of the Church to teach the human race, to make laws, to rule its people and to bring them to eternal happiness. Gradually, in the most unseemly way, it has put the religion of Christ on a footing with false religions, and then permitted it to be subject to civil power and to the will of princes and magistrates. Going further, some believe it proper to substitute a sort of natural religion and natural emotion for the divine. Nor are there wanting states which believe they can do without God and which put their religion and impiety in neglect of God. The very bitter fruit which such defection from Christ on the part of individual citizens and states has brought so frequently and so permanently, We complain of in Our Encyclical Letter *Ubi arcano*, and We complain of them again today. Namely, the sowing everywhere of the seeds of discord; the kindling of the flames of envy, and of dissensions among the peoples which cause such delays of reconciliation and peace; excessive cupidity, which is so often concealed under the pretext of the public good and love of country; the consequent strife among citizens and a blind and immoderate selfishness which, seeking nothing except its own advantage and emolument, measures all things by these; the profound disturbances of domestic peace, owing to oversight and neglect of duty; the impairing of the union and stability of the family; the shattering of human society to the verge of ruin. It is this annual observance henceforth of Christ as King which moves Us to the highest hope that human society may auspiciously hasten to return to the most loving Savior. It should be the part of Catholics to mature and hasten this return by active effort, though many of them do not seem to have social position or to possess the authority which those should have who bear the torch of truth. This disadvantage may be due to the inactivity or the timidity of good men, who either avoid opposition or face it weakly, with the result that the enemies of the Church grow in rashness and audacity. If, however, the faithful commonly understand that they are to struggle bravely and continuously under the standard of Christ as King, they will, with the zeal of the apostleship, be zealous in bringing back to their Lord souls that are astray or uninstructed, and they will strive to safeguard His rights.

Besides, will not the celebration of the solemnity of Christ as King every year in every part of the world greatly help to expose and in some manner repair the public defection which laicism has brought about with so much damage to society? Indeed, the greater

the indignity offered to the sweetest name of our Redeemer in international conventions and the greater the silence about Him in the Courts, all the louder should He be proclaimed and the more broadly the rights of the royal dignity and power of Christ be affirmed. Have we not seen the way to institute the celebration of this feast happily and impressively prepared from the very end of the last century? Everyone knows how wisely and how excellently well this devotion has been advocated in every part of the world in books in many languages; and also how the principality and empire of Christ has been recognized in the custom by which innumerable congregations have dedicated and devoted themselves to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus. Not congregations only have done this, but states also and kingdoms; nay, the whole human race, with Leo XIII inspiring and guiding was auspiciously consecrated to the same divine Heart in the holy Year of 1900. Nor should we overlook how wonderfully the crowded Eucharistic Conventions peculiar to our day have contributed to the solemn declaration of this royal power of Christ over human society, having in view, either that special dioceses and localities and nations, or that the people of the universe assemble and venerate and worship Christ our King hidden under the Eucharistic veil, so that by sermons in hall and temple, by common adoration of the august Sacrament publicly exposed, by magnificent processions, Christ should be hailed as our King divinely given. Very properly, therefore, you will agree that the Christian people led by a divine instinct wish to restore to this Jesus, whom impious men were unwilling to receive when He came unto His own, all His royal rights leading Him as they do from the silence and hiddenness of the sacred temples throughout the streets of the cities after the manner of one who is triumphant.

Therefore, to complete the design which We have mentioned, the holy Year now closing affords the most favorable opportunity, since the most benign God either by increased gifts of His grace or by new impulses to aspire for the better gifts has confirmed the minds of the faithful in their progress on the right way after the celestial goods which surpass all understanding. Whether, therefore, We consider the petitions addressed to Us, or record what has happened during the great Jubilee, there is every reason why We should at length appoint the day, earnestly desired by all, on which We decide Christ is to be worshipped as King of the whole human race by a proper and special feast.

For this Year, as we said in the beginning, this divine King, truly wonderful in His Saints, with a new array of His soldiers raised to the heavenly honors, has been gloriously magnified; this

Year also by the unusual exposition of objects, and to some extent of the labors, it has been possible for all to admire the victories won by the heralds of the Gospel in spreading His kingdom; this Year, finally, by the solemn anniversary of the Nicene Council, We have commemorated the establishment of the truth that the Incarnate Word is consubstantial with the Father, and on this rests as on its foundation the empire of the same Christ over all peoples.

Therefore, by Our Apostolic authority, We institute the feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ as King every year and in all the world on the last Sunday of the month of October, that is, the one just preceding the celebration of all the saints. We command also that on that day each year be renewed the dedication of the human race to the most Sacred Heart of Jesus which our predecessor, Pius X, of holy memory, ordered to be repeated each year. For this year only We wish that this be done on the 31st of this month, on which day We Ourselves with Pontifical ritual will celebrate Mass in honor of Christ the King, ordaining that this same consecration be made in Our presence. We believe We cannot close the holy Year better or more fittingly, nor give a greater expression of Our gratitude to Christ the immortal King of ages, interpreting in this the grateful wishes also of the whole Catholic world for the benefits conferred upon Us during this holy time of the Church and upon the whole Catholic body.

Nor is there any reason, Venerable Brethren, why We should dwell long or in detail on the cause for decreeing the feast of Christ the King distinct from those others in which there is some intimation and celebration of His royal dignity. Suffice it to remark that although in all the feasts of Our Lord, the material object, as it is called, be Christ, the formal object is altogether distinct from the royal power and title of Christ. Our reason for designating Sunday is that not only the clergy may pay their observances by celebrating Mass and reading the office, but that the people also, free from their usual occupations, may in the spirit of holy joy, obedience and service give their noble testimony to Christ. The last Sunday of October, when the liturgical year is near its close, has seemed to Us more suitable than other days for this celebration. For thus, it will happen that the mysteries of the life of Jesus Christ commemorated during the year will be completed and fulfilled by the sacred solemnity of Christ as King, and, before celebrating the glory of all the saints, the glory of Him Who triumphs in all the saints and elect will be preached and emphasized. Let this, therefore, Venerable Brethren, be your task, let this be your share, to see that on stated days before this annual celebration sermons be preached to the people in every

parish, informing and instructing them accurately on the nature, manner and importance of the subject, so that they may arrange and conform their lives in such a manner as to be worthy of giving faithful and zealous tribute to the empire of the divine King.

May it please you, Venerable Brethren, in concluding these letters, to set forth briefly what advantages we hope for and promise Ourselves from this public worship of Christ as King, both for the Church, for every society and for the good of all the faithful. By paying these honors to the principality of Our Lord, we must recall to mind that the Church, constituted as it is a perfect society by Christ with a natural right which it cannot relinquish of demanding full liberty and immunity from the civil power in performing the duties divinely committed to it of teaching, ruling and leading to eternal happiness all those who are of Christ's kingdom, cannot be dependent on any foreign power. Nay, more, commonwealths should also give similar liberty to orders and congregations of religious of both sexes who, since they are the most powerful auxiliaries of the Pastors of the Church, both in promoting and establishing the kingdom of Christ, by their principal labor, in overcoming the three-fold concupiscence of the world by their religious vows, and by the profession of a more perfect life, so that the holiness which the divine Founder commended as a distinguishing mark of the Church may with increased splendor forever day by day stand out luminously before the eyes of all.

The very celebration of this festal day annually everywhere will remind statesmen that they are bound whether as private individuals or as magistrates and rulers by the duty of worshiping and obeying Christ publicly. It will recall to them the thought of that last judgment in which Christ not only rejected from public affairs, but also contemptuously neglected and ignored, will most severely avenge such injustice, since His royal dignity requires that every commonwealth conform to the divine commandments and Christian principles in making laws, in determining rights, and in training the minds of the young to sound doctrine and moral integrity. Besides it is marvellous how much strength and virtue the Christian faithful will derive from the consideration of these things in fashioning their souls after the model of a genuine Christian life. If to Christ the Lord is given all power in heaven and on earth, if moral men bought by His most precious Blood are subject to His sway by a certain new title, if, finally, this power embraces all human nature, it is clear that nothing in us is exempt from such an empire. He must, therefore, reign in the mind of man, and man with perfect submission should assent firmly and constantly to revealed truth and all the

doctrines of Christ. He must reign in the will which should obey divine laws and precept. He must reign in the soul which denying its natural appetites should love God above all things and adhere to Him alone. He must reign in the Body and in its members who as instruments or, to use the words of the Apostle Paul, as "arms of justice unto God"³⁵ should serve for the interior holiness of souls. If all these things be thoroughly laid open and proposed for the consideration of the faithful, they will be more easily led to the most perfect things.

May it be, Venerable Brethren, that those who are not of the faith may come to desire and accept the sweet yoke of Christ for their salvation, and that all of us, who in the merciful designs of God are of the household, may act not reluctantly, but earnestly, lovingly and holily. By our life conformed to the laws of the divine kingdom, may we bring forth joyfully a harvest of fruits and, as good and faithful servants of Christ, become in His celestial kingdom partakers of everlasting blessedness and glory. Let this wish and prayer of Ours for you, Venerable Brethren, be a token of Our paternal charity on the approach of the Nativity of Our Lord Jesus Christ, and as a means of obtaining divine blessings accept the Apostolical benediction which We lovingly impart to you, Venerable Brethren, and to your clergy and people.

Given at Rome at St. Peter's on the 11th day of the month of December in the Holy Year 1925, the fourth of Our Pontificate.

³⁵ Romans, VI, 13

GREAT AMERICANS—AND WHY

(THOMAS JEFFERSON)

Born April 13, 1723

FORTY-FOUR years of Thomas Jefferson's long life—he lived to be eighty-four,—were spent in public life. A very brief calendar of his doings would include these outstanding features:

Member of Virginia House of Burgesses

Member of Continental Congress

Governor of Virginia

Member of Congress

Minister to France

Secretary of State under President Washington

Vice-President under John Adams

President of the United States for eight years.

After his death, among his papers was found a rough sketch in ink of the kind of stone he wished to mark his grave. He wanted, he said:

“On the grave,

A plain die or cube of 3.f. without any mouldings, surmounted by an Obelisk of 6.f. height, each of a single stone; on the faces of the Obelisk the following inscription, and not a word more

‘Here was buried

Thomas Jefferson

Author of the Declaration of American Independence,
of the Statute of Virginia for religious freedom,
and Father of the University of Virginia.’

because by these, as testimonials that I have lived, I wish most to be remembered.”

As William E. Curtis has so fittingly remarked of this unique epitaph.

“Few men write their own epitaphs, but it was like Thomas Jefferson to do so, and from the long inventory of his honors and achievements he selected three items by which he wished to be

judged by his Maker and his fellow-men. He discarded all the honors that had been conferred upon him, ignored all the offices he had filled, and simply inscribed upon his tomb the fact that he had written the Declaration of Independence and the Virginia Statute for Religious Liberty, and had founded the University of Virginia. In making this selection Jefferson showed remarkable insight into his own character and estimated with remarkable accuracy the verdict of posterity upon his public services.

"No one ever questioned the purity of his patriotism in the important part he played during the period of history that preceded the Revolution, and in the century of controversy over his acts and utterances his unselfishness and nobility of purpose in securing religious freedom and in founding an educational institution for his State have never been doubted. No other incidents in his career are so free from criticism and so untainted by political partisanship."

Jefferson once wrote to his friend Benjamin Rush, a fellow-signer of the Declaration and active in public life for over thirty years thereafter: "I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

This sentence might well be taken as the motto of his life. He seems always to have lived with this great single aim in mind and at heart—human freedom. Freedom was the legacy for which alone he wished to be remembered by his countrymen—freedom in government, freedom in creed, freedom in intellect. The accomplishment of these three forms his services had taken are emphasized in his epitaph.

"The germ of patriotism was dropped into Jefferson's soul by Patrick Henry," says one of his biographers.

The two young lawyers were already friends when, on that memorable day in May, 1765, Patrick Henry arose in the Virginia House of Burgesses and made his famous speech against taxation without representation. Jefferson stood in the doorway and listened to every word. Fifty-nine years later he declared this day to be the most important one in his life.

From that time he became eager to take an active part in the struggle he could see dawning for the colony. As preparation for the great work he was to do, destiny took the young Virginian in hand. He was first elected a member of the House of Burgesses, and took his seat in May, 1767, with George Washington, fresh from his Braddock campaign. The two young patriots only served five days, because the royal governor took offense at four frank, out-

spoken resolutions that were passed by the assembly, and dissolved it. This act of tyranny completed Jefferson's dedication of himself to the cause of liberty.

He was returned at the next election, and with Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, and Dabney Carr, his brother-in-law, organized a self-appointed committee of young revolutionists which met every evening for consultation. Jefferson and Patrick Henry were appointed by the House of Burgesses to positions on the Committee of Correspondence, the purpose of which was to create a spirit of understanding and unity among the various colonies.

Finally, in 1774, this little coterie of patriots instructed their members on the Committee to propose to similar committees in the other colonies the appointment of delegates to meet in a general Congress. "It was acceded to," writes Jefferson. "Philadelphia was appointed as the place and the 5th of September for the time of meeting." And this was the origin of that deliberative body whose resolutions were to separate the American colonies from England.

In the summer preceding this meeting, Jefferson drew up a draft of instructions for Virginia's delegates to the Continental Congress. It consisted of sixty or seventy pages of ordinary size, and was full of good advice to George III. It was intended to be presented first to the Burgesses, in convention at Williamsburg, when they should meet to elect their deputies to the Continental Congress. But Jefferson was taken ill,—the only time in his life he was unable to perform a public duty from mere bodily inability. It was not presented formally to the Burgesses, but those who read it thought it would make a timely pamphlet. So it was published under the title "A Summary View of the Rights of America."

Copies reached England, and were republished. Jefferson says it procured for him "the honor of having his name inserted in a long list of proscriptions enrolled in a bill of attainder commenced in one of the Houses of Parliament, but suppressed by the hasty step of events."

"In this pamphlet," says the biographer Parton, "the truth concerning both the nature and the history of the connection between the colonies and Great Britain—the truth without any reserves whatever—was stated for the first time; and it was so fully stated, that no one was ever able to add anything to it. The Declaration of Independence was only the substance of this pamphlet given in a moderate, brief, official form."

So it happened that Jefferson was not chosen a delegate to the first Continental Congress that assembled on Monday, Sept. 5, 1774, in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia—fifty-four delegates from twelve colonies. But during the following months, the theme of his "instructions" was having its effect on the deliberations of the House of Burgesses, inciting its members to bolder speeches and more decided action.

At the spring session of the House, Jefferson was elected to succeed Peyton Randolph as a representative to the Congress; he arrived in Philadelphia on June 20, 1775, the day Washington received his commission from the Congress. By this time the Congress numbered sixty men—all sturdy characters. Jefferson brought with him, according to John Adams, "a reputation for literature, science, and a happy talent for composition."

His talent for composition was used five days later, when the Honorable Congress, as its members called the convention, wished to draw up a statement regarding the battle of Bunker Hill. His fiery draft was toned down some but it impressed the members with his abilities.

The following June, when Richard Henry Lee moved a formal declaration of independence, a committee of five was appointed to draft the document—Thomas Jefferson, Dr. Franklin, John Adams, Roger Sherman, and R. R. Livingstone.

Says his biographer Parton regarding this appointment: "Mr. Jefferson was naturally urged to prepare the draught. He was chairman of the committee, having received the highest number of votes; he was also its youngest member, and therefore bound to do an ample share of the work; he was noted for his skill with the pen; he was particularly conversant with the points of the controversy; he was a Virginian. The task, indeed, was not very arduous or difficult. Nothing was wanted but a careful and brief recapitulation of wrongs familiar to every patriotic mind, and a clear statement of principles hackneyed from eleven years iteration. Jefferson made no difficulty about undertaking it, and probably had no anticipation of the vast celebrity that was to follow so slight an exercise of his faculties."

Forty-seven years later, Jefferson wrote of this occasion: "The Committee of Five met; no such things as a sub-committee was proposed, but they unanimously pressed on myself alone to undertake the draft. I consented; I drew it; but before I reported it to the Committee, I communicated it separately to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, requesting their correction, because they were the two

members of whose judgments and amendments I wished most to have the benefit, before presenting it to the Committee; and you have seen the original paper now in my hands, with the corrections of Dr. Franklin and Mr. Adams, interlined in their own handwritings. Their alterations were two or three only, and merely verbal.

"I then wrote a fair copy, reported it to the Committee, and from them, unaltered, to Congress. Pickering's observations, and Adams' in addition, 'that it contained no new ideas, that it is a commonplace compilation, its sentiments hackneyed in Congress for two years before, and its essence contained in Otis' pamphlet may all be true. Of that I am not to be the judge. Richard Henry Lee charged it as copied from Locke's 'Treatise on Civil Government.' Otis' pamphlet I never saw, and whether I had gathered my ideas from reading or reflection, I do not know. I know only that I turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it. I did not consider it as any part of my charge to invent new ideas altogether, and to offer no sentiment which had ever been expressed before."

Though the Committee of Five made very few changes in Jefferson's draft, the three days' discussion that followed in Congress was critical and caustic. Many alterations, omissions and amendments were made, which all critics agree improved the document very materially. The first paragraph was left untouched, also the beginning of the second: "We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal." They are the words of this zealous champion of freedom.

Mr. Jefferson used to relate, with much merriment, that the final signing of the Declaration of Independence was hastened by an absurdly trivial cause. Near the hall in which the debates were held was a livery-stable, from which swarms of flies came into the open windows, and assailed the silk-stockinged legs of the honorable members until "they made haste to bring the momentous business to a conclusion."

The passage of this document meant that there were now thirteen governments to be created, with thirteen constitutions, codes, even seals of their own. Jefferson promptly turned his attention to preparing a constitution for the State of Virginia, which explains why the preamble to this document bears such a striking resemblance to the Declaration of Independence.

"When I left Congress in 1776," he says in his *Memoir*, "it was in the persuasion that our whole (Virginia) code must be reviewed,

adapted to our republican form of government, and corrected in all its parts, with a single eye to reason and the good of those for whose government it was framed."

Some of these reforms were rather easily achieved, though not without considerable bitterness on the part of those whom the changes did not benefit. But it took over nine years of agitation and hard work to get the bill for religious liberty passed. It was drawn up by Jefferson in June, 1779; he was the American Minister to Paris when the bill finally became a law in 1786. It made Virginia the first sovereign state that formally proclaimed in its laws the absolute religious freedom of every one of its citizens.

As James Madison had succeeded in getting the bill passed by the Virginia Legislature, so he introduced Jefferson's principle of religious freedom into the Constitution of the United States by the First Amendment.

Comments one writer of this great work: "We regard religious liberty as a natural right today, and look on it as intolerable that any man should presume to have in his keeping the conscience of another. Yet this was not so when Jefferson began his liberating work a century and a half ago. It is often the greatest benefits that we require with the least gratitude, because they are just the ones which we can least imagine ourselves being without. No invention of science, no creation of art, no reform of politics can compare in importance for the human race with freedom of conscience."

Among the one hundred twenty-six bills that the committee to revise the code submitted to the Virginia Legislature was one relating to a general system of education. The commonwealth was not then ready for his plans, but he never ceased to agitate the subject. "If a nation expects to be ignorant and free, in a state of civilization, it expects what never was and never will be," he said. The last years of his life he devoted to the establishing of the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, four miles from his estate of Monticello. He spent hours supervising the work, making plans, selecting materials and workmen. "He spent almost as much pains on the great rotunda of the central hall of the college as Michelangelo did on the dome of St. Peter's," says one writer.

In his draft of the Declaration, Jefferson had included a paragraph rebuking the king for his perpetuation of the American slave-trade. This was struck out as being both untrue and untimely. But Jefferson was always opposed to slavery, even though he himself owned them. He wanted the Virginia Constitution to abolish

it, and to the day of his death believed that eventually the practice would be made unlawful.

"The Sage of Monticello" he was styled, in compliment to his learning. When he became of age, in April, 1764, he was the richest, the most highly educated, and in every respect the most conspicuous young man in Albemarle County, Virginia. He left the presidency in debt, and was not altogether popular. He lost his library of thousands of volumes, Congress purchasing it for a very small part of its real value.

He made enemies during his long public career, as any strong character always does. Fortunately, it is not necessary for a man to be perfect in order to gain the esteem and love of his fellow men, and as long as this nation endures one of the honored names on the pages of its history will be that of Thomas Jefferson.

H. W.

PURITANISM, PAST AND PRESENT

TO study and evaluate any period of history is to take the measure of man himself with all his strength and all his weakness. Mankind shares in common the hopes and aspirations of the race; but also the results of misconceptions, misunderstandings, the follies, the hypocrisy, the cruelty and persecution that fanaticism and intolerance can engender. Pride and prejudice and bigotry are ever the products of ignorance.

And so as we turn the pages of history, we can take up the study of any movement that makes for better or worse conditions in the story of mankind, and note wherein it was right and wherein it was wrong, and discover where lies the golden mean, the saner way—the middle course between two extremes.

The Renaissance gave us rich imagination, classical erudition and a liberal spirit. The Renaissance had awakened the mind and the imagination to its possibilities, but mistook eventually authority for despotism and liberty for license. And because in its exuberance it overstepped the bounds of propriety and did not always conserve Christian gravity and purity, the Puritan attempted to offset the good fruits that it bore by substituting a reign of fanaticism and folly.

The Puritan era followed upon the heels of the Reformation, and it was the Reformation that attempted to demolish the influence of the one true Church of Jesus Christ which had not only conserved the revealed truths of religion but had curbed the lawlessness of men for so many centuries. The Catholic position was antagonistic to the Puritan religion of England which labored to effect an irreparable breach between the invisible and the visible, the internal and the external, between body and spirit.

Having for its purpose to build anew what the Reformation had undermined, Puritanism only succeeded in making conditions worse than they were and tearing down the architecture of Christian civilization. It arrayed the Bible, a distorted Bible, against the infallible Church of God interpreting, as Christ intended it should, the true meaning of that Bible.

It considered that contradiction existed between personal experience and the spiritual helps flowing from the sacraments, when these very channels of God's grace helped to make saints of God by eradi-

cating sin. Convinced of their own righteousness, the Puritans condemned the authoritative ministrations of the Catholic Church to the souls of men.

To mistake the sensual for the sensuous; abuse for use; license for liberty; revolt for reform; has ever been man's weakness. But when it punctuates a period of history with special emphasis, it is particularly noticeable and a class or sect of individuals adopting one extreme will clash with the class of another extreme. The result is religious, social and political upheaval.

Interpreted in such manner, we note that the spirit of Puritanism was the natural outgrowth or reaction to that revival of learning and love of the fine arts which intoxicated men, causing a riot of reason and a besmirching of the soul. In their effort to eradicate the bad effect of the Renaissance, the Puritans condemned the stage, corruption at court, feastings and revellings—in a word all the outlets by which sensual nature dared to express itself.

Unable to distinguish between use and abuse, the Puritan abandoned recreation and ornaments, cropped his hair, put on a simple garb and walked discreetly, indifferent to visible things. For him only the inner and spiritual man was to survive. For him there remained only God and conscience—a conscience alarmed and at once diseased. Making no allowance for natural weakness and not knowing how to apply the remedy, the Puritan, with a fixed but fanatical determination to bear all and do all rather than fail in the least injunction of moral law and Bible law, assumed that he and he alone was the Lord's anointed. But in all this attitude of self-justification, the Puritan merely succeeded in becoming the butt of ridicule. With Pharisaical purblindness, he would show no mercy to the sinner as if he could take up Christ's challenge to cast the first stone because he knew no sin.

Macauley has pictured the Puritans for us in these words: "The ostentatious simplicity of their dress, their sour aspect, their nasal twang, their stiff posture, their long graces, their Hebrew names, the scriptural phrases which they introduced on every occasion, their contempt of human learning, their detestation of polite amusements, were indeed fair game of the laughers." Another writer says of the Puritan: "He prostrated himself in the dust before his Maker; but he set his foot on the neck of his king.—They, the Puritans, trampled down king, church and aristocracy. They had their smiles and their tears, their raptures and their sorrows, but not for the things of this world." To know God, to love Him and serve Him, was their only end of existence. And if this were all, we should have no quarrel with them. But with the Puritan his religious zeal led to a fanatical

and ridiculous extreme. Despising worldly advancement and pleasures, they could not distinguish between those who, living in the world, could succumb to temptations and that man's frailties had to be dealt with charitably, mercifully and not merely in a damnatory way. They could not distinguish between sinful indulgence and legitimate recreation; between authority and assumed responsibility. And so their activities, because they were the espousal of extremes, only gave rise to an era of licentiousness reflected in the public press and on the stage.

Fleeing from England, after the Restoration, the Puritans next appeared in the American colonies. They infused their ideas into Colonial America as early settlers of Massachusetts and Connecticut. To them was due the idea that the spirit was enslaved by monarchy, the hierarchy, sensuous art and sensual nature. In surmounting nature they would transcend all natural feeling. They deemed themselves a chosen people and in their self-constituted righteousness, assumed a responsibility for the actions of every one besides themselves. They did not hesitate to give frightful publicity to sins; to examine in revolting manner the bodies of those accused of witchcraft, and they gave themselves generally to religious mania. Only in a few, like William Bradford, do we find the expression of a saner doctrine of mutual helpfulness and unlooked-for tolerance. Considering their opposition to the "Romish" Church, yet we find among them a Mather with his asceticism, his fasts and vigils, his encouragement of confession! "I have recommended them," he says, "to tell their minds to some person of discretion." And thus unwittingly they hie back to the faith of their forbears, countenancing, advocating what inconsistently they would discredit.

A further study of the Puritan of those early colonial days shows that he idolized the Bible, not the Bible of the New Testament, but that of the Old, as if the gospel of Christ was not the expression of God's will for them and as if God were to be interpreted only as a God to be feared and not to be loved. They were fond of preaching the wrath to come, as if Redemption and God's mercy was not to be reckoned with. In his conception of nature, the Puritan was decidedly Manichean and God was far removed from man, as if he had never dwelt with his children as the Savior of mankind. Superstitious and diseased of mind, the Puritan could see no good in nature but treated it with contempt. They wrote of the "cold, mean flowers." They abhorred art and condemned the restoration and beautifying of churches. "Italy, Spain and Flanders—the sources of art," says Greenough White, in his *Philosophy of American Literature*, "were Romish countries; and in the Puritan mind idolatry and the arts

were inseparably connected." They objected also to "effeminate music, stage plays, mixed dancing, amorous pastorals, face painting, love-locks, luxurious Christmas keeping, New Year's gifts, May games and such like vanities were sinful, wicked, unChristian pastimes, cultures and disguises." Had the Puritans lived in our day and generation, they would have had enough evils to inveigh against in the matter of immodest dress and indecent literature. But in their extreme attitude and ignorant prejudice they made a target of the Catholic Church and its form of worship. According to Cotton's laws—"the very act of making pictures and images is an occasion of idolatry." Needless to say, they considered as idolatrous the presence of images of saints in the churches. The spirit of Puritanism, according to Greenough White, "expressed itself in their architecture—square meeting-houses with hipped roofs and belfries; their sculpture—gravestones with winged death's heads in low relief; their poetry—epitaphs and elegies; their decorations—whitewash; their music—the 'lining out' of psalms." In valuing literature they were no less intolerant. Winthrop declares that they, the Puritans, were wiser than the Greek and Roman authors. "Purge the schools of Homer and such books," counselled Mather. They could not distinguish between the humanities and their own confined doctrines. In their idea of the union of church and state, they confounded opposition to their form of religion as schism which was at the same time treason to the State. They gave disgusting publicity to sins against nature; supervised family life by magistrate and minister and by public confessions. The Puritan, as their writings attest, possessed neither imagination nor humor, but only wonder and horror. They were fanciful and sardonic. They could not distinguish between harmless gayety and ribaldry, sensuousness and sensuality. They were not men of letters and their representative writings are only theological and controversial. The character of this early era of America's colonization is, perhaps, best revealed by Jonathan Edwards, who denied the freedom of the will. "He never perceived," says Greenough White, "that relation between man and nature which is the ground of ethics and the highest art."

It is with a sense of relief that we note the change that took place in the early eighteenth century. A new dignity was given science. Benjamin Franklin exclaims: "The first drudgery of settling colonies is over; now comes leisure to cultivate the finer arts and improve the common stock of knowledge." Realizing that God is at work in nature, in the writings of the new era, we come upon such refreshing passages as this: "The idle musicians of the spring fill the fields and the skies with their artless melody. Universal nature about us with

one voice sings *Alleluia* aloud. Glory to God in the highest is resounded by every tuneful bird, every warbling brook and bubbling fountain. Incense to the God of Heaven is offered by every opening lily and glowing blossom which perfume the air with their ambient sweets. The wide earth we tread on seems but one great altar, covered with incense and offerings to God its Maker." Here we have the proper attitude towards the external, the correct appraisal of the union of body and spirit. Such things are written in true Christian spirit and we may recall how Christ Himself set a value upon beauty in nature "Behold the lilies of the field." He pointed out to His apostles, "not Solomon in all his glory was arrayed as one of these." The inference is clear; the conclusion inevitable. One cannot entirely divorce body and soul. The one is complement of the other. And so, too, recreation and amusement are needed for the health of the body and of the mind. To fetter healthy activity is at the same time to cause stagnation of the soul. Only the flesh must be subject to the spirit. Common sense and a conscience that is not diseased must point out the happy mean in all that we think, say and do.

Fanaticism in religion breeds folly. In all things, men must be reasonable. Men look to religion for guidance. The Catholic finds it and holds fast to it in the confessional; his confessor is his best spiritual friend and guide. He makes no compromise with world-morality, substituting for Christian ethics the principles of a misapplied psychology. He is not swayed by every "ism." He walks, wherever he co-operates with the grace of God that flows from the sacraments, like a man and a true Christian man, God-fearing and God-loving.

The failure of Puritanism and its gradual fading into the background of historic development of the colonies and the Union need not be traced here in detail. But it did not wholly disappear but made itself felt in many ways from time to time, even as it does today. An intolerant group of individuals have made their influence felt in modern American life, their intolerance and bigotry being an expression of assumed responsibility for every other individual who happens to disagree with them. They have put a damper on enjoying life in a legitimate way to which no well balanced person can give approval. They have succeeded in legislating against that which has its rightful use. They would confine solely to the State the right to educate our children as if the State had the right to foist upon a free people a system of secular education without religion devoid of all reference to God and the things of God because in the Protestant Sunday School they want to confine their own way of teaching their heretical Christian doctrine. They would undermine the influence of the true

Church of Christ in our national life which makes for better men and citizens and would have a government that is meant for all of its people recognize the will of only a part of its people.

And so, too, there has arisen in our midst an organization that constitutes "*imperium in imperio*" an empire within an empire subversive of the fundamental principles upon which the government of the American people was founded.

Assuredly, it is commendable to condemn lascivious plays, magazines and novels that corrupt the morals of young manhood and womanhood of today. Assuredly it is commendable to condemn indecency in female attire, suggestive dancing, loose talk and looser conduct of the modern "smart set." But there must be articulate authority behind all reform. And if the power that holds in restraint the Catholic manhood and womanhood of the country can do so in so much more convincing a manner than any sect of men, it is time that men should realize why Catholicism is more successful in its constant warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil. The reason is not far to seek. Catholic teaching on morals is ever sane, because it realizes that to be Christ-like is to appreciate the spirit of the New Testament. Many who shout, for instance, about Prohibition are secretly hoping that no more wine may be available for sacramental purposes. Let them read of the marriage feast of Canaan and the Last Supper. Let those who invoke the re-enforcement of certain ridiculous Blue Laws turn to the parable of the ass that fell into a pit on the Sabbath. They would let it lie there, although Christ counselled otherwise.

Extremes are always violently extravagant of truth. Intolerance and bigotry always excite disgust in sober-minded thinkers. From their denunciation of the Puritanical, such men outside the Catholic Church, naturally go to the opposite extreme and deride all that has to do with morality and religion. The "intellectuals" and free-thinkers batten on absurdities, sham and hypocrisy.

The Reformation had done its evil work in creating a spirit of liberalism which became synonymous with license. Then came the reaction and the Puritan attempted by bigotry to add reform to reform so-called. But with bigotry still among us, the craving of men's souls is still to be satisfied. Men are still seeking authoritative truth which alone can be found in the safe haven of the Mother Church. Here and there the smouldering embers are growing more and more alive with fire. Some day they will be ignited anew by the divine torch of Christ's one and true, soul-satisfying religion.

It is the heritage of Catholic faith and teaching that man has set aside and to which he must return. The religion of Jesus Christ

must no longer be subjected to a Pharisaical Puritan interpretation, if American ideals are to save a country that prides itself as the land where man is free to worship God according to the dictates of his conscience.

The new world became the refuge for other than Puritans, who were the victims of persecution but not because they merited persecution as the result of intolerance. The Ark and The Dove brought the spirit of religious tolerance to the shores of America. The spirit of independence was abroad in the land and the declaration of man's inalienable rights became a historic document. Religious freedom in America became an established fact.

Any religious denomination and secular organization that would undermine that heritage by bringing about legislation against Catholicism, had better consider its conserving strength and moral influence in our national life.

J. B. JACOBI.

Baltimore, Md.

ORIGIN OF THE INTERNATIONAL
EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

IN these days when we are looking forward to another Eucharistic Congress, which we are told will be the largest Catholic gathering in the history of the world, it may be interesting to some and no doubt will be a surprise to not a few, to learn that the first idea of the Congress came from a woman, and that it is through her fervent persevering prayers, and her untiring exertion that Our Lord has received ovations such as no earthly monarch could ever command.

Yet her life does not contain really anything wonderful nor any supernatural communication of God's designs upon her. But she kept longing and praying that she might be able to do something to promote Our Lord's interests. She eagerly followed God's inspirations, and her prayers were answered.

When Marthe Marie Tamisier was prepared for her first communion she was deeply struck by two pictures which symbolized Our Lord's loneliness and His annihilation in the Holy Eucharist. She resolved that she would always bear Him company and in some way live annihilated with Him.

When she grew up she never felt called to a religious life, yet wanting to belong entirely to God she appealed to Mother Barat, who said she had no vocation.

When 23 years old she met Father Eymard (now venerable), who was founding an institute for the perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament and who said she must join it. For two years her dreams were realized. Then the House had to be closed and she returned to her mother, who died soon after leaving her homeless with very small means.

After another fruitless attempt of religious life she took refuge at Ars hoping to find in prayer by the tomb of the Holy Curé the light he could no longer give her by his advice. One day some one said to her, "Why not go and consult the Pere Chevrier? The Curé d'Ars called him a saint. He is said to have marvelous gifts specially for the direction of souls." She saw him for the first time in 1872. She told him of her longings, her failures, her present anxieties. Then the Father said abruptly, "Give up the idea of a

¹³ *Origin des Congres Eucharistiques*, Chanoine, J. Vandon: Bloud & Co., 7 Place St. Sulpice, Paris.

religious life, you are not called to it. Your vocation is to go tramping along the road. You will be the beggar-woman of the Blessed Sacrament. Go, lady, to Ars. Wait there till God chooses to make use of you."

She returned to Ars thoroughly puzzled. When the waiting became unendurable she went again to see the Holy Priest. She had sometimes to wait for several days, there was always a crowd of penitents from all classes and ranks surrounding her confessional and it was still more difficult to see him in the parlor. He used to greet her with the words: "Here is the Beggar Woman!" and he gave her, sometimes not too gently—such strange advice—"You are too eager. When you thoroughly realize your own nothingness God will make use of you. We are merely instruments. Begin quietly at Ars but first see your diocesan bishop." With Mgr. Richard's approbation and the consent of the curé (former curate of the Curé d'Ars) she organized the Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament for every Friday. She had gradually become acquainted with influential members of the clergy and of the laity, and never missed an opportunity of *begging*. She met with all kinds of trials, criticisms, humiliations, even slanders. Father Chevrier encouraged her or held her back, as the case seemed to require. Sometimes he would allude in mysterious words to some great thing as "the greatest event in the century, but a very difficult matter. What a reward you will have in Heaven! Meanwhile wait and pray till God's time comes." God's time was coming.

In June, 1873, two hundred French deputies prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament consecrated Parliament and the nation itself to the Sacred Heart of Jesus; in the little chapel where Our Lord appeared to St. Margaret Mary and asked for the consecration of France two centuries before.

Hearing of this great event Marthe Marie was full of joy and hope. How could the whole of France and the whole world be brought to the feet of Jesus Christ, its King, was the question which ceaselessly engrossed her mind. At times she had a confused vision of it and she longed to take her part in the war even at the cost of any suffering and sacrifice. She never thought for a moment that she had a mission to fulfill as some saints had. She would have been indignant at the mere suggestion. But Father Chevrier had said her vocation was to be the beggar-woman of the Blessed Sacrament, she wondered if the time had come for her "to go tramping along the roads," as he expressed it. Then one day reading about some great pilgrimage, she thought of some churches celebrated for some

Eucharistic miracles having taken place there long ago. Why not choose them for the goal of solemn pilgrimages? Why not try to prepare one to Avignon which possessed a church in which the Blessed Sacrament had been exposed daily for six centuries in commemoration of a wonderful event which happened there?

She hastened to confide her idea to Father Chevrier, who afraid of this impetuosity, this zeal which did not seem tempered by enough humility, scolded her. "Your presumption has no limit. Do you hope to set the world in motion? As long as you are not really humble God will not make use of you." But seeing how bitterly disappointed and unhappy she was he said gently: "Be humble and more dependent on God. Go to Avignon, but get a letter from Mgr. Richard to the Archbishop." She left him intensely happy at the prospect of beginning at last. She knew Mgr. de Segur; she applied to him. He promised to write a pamphlet: "*La France au pied du St. Sacrement.*"

Mgr. Richard gave her a letter to the Archbishop of Avignon, which she took to him the first thing on her arrival. He gave her no encouragement but he did not forbid her to see what could be done. She called on the Rector of the Jesuits, on the Director of the Grey Penitents, who were in charge of the celebrated church and a few other influential people. They warmly agreed to her suggestion. A committee was formed who sent out circulars. Bishops wrote pastoral letters, sermons were preached. The result was a general procession from all the churches in the town in which a large number of men from all classes took part and which was followed by similar demonstrations in different parts of France.

In Spring she returned to Lyons. Father Chevrier listened to her account with evident sympathy. One day following some advice she went to see him dressed more fashionably than usual. He looked at her up and down and exclaimed indignantly: "What a dress! Do you think God cares about the ways of the world? You are only a beggar, wear a dress of coarse material and made in the same way. Woe to you if you are well thought of, rather prepare yourself for all sorts of humiliations."

Soon after he told her: "Begin your wandering again, you will sow your seed for five or six years. You will talk and write much, some good will come out of it at last. Do not rely upon any friend, rely only upon Our Lord. Though you must make use of those who come forward. Go, lady, to Avignon and above all be a soul of prayers." It was his last advice. She never saw him again in this

world. Shortly after she met Mgr. Mermillod, who said to her: "Everything of importance is done now by a Congress. What is wanted is a Eucharistic Congress." She told her supporters of this advice. In a little while one of them, the Count of Cissi, wrote: "Your ideas are gaining partisans here. They intend to celebrate the anniversary of the Eucharistic miracle at Douai by a grand demonstration and to hold a Eucharistic Congress at the same time."

The Congress was held by more than 5000 members from France and Belgium and presided over by fifty prelates. Another more important still took place at Avignon the following year.

She was introduced to a missionary bishop noted for his devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. He told her: "I am going to Rome, prepare a petition, get it signed by as many as possible in order that it might be looked upon as a national one. I shall present it to the Holy Father." Mgr. de Segur drew the petition. In spite of strenuous efforts, calls and letters, she obtained only 500 signatures, but all from well known personalities. Leo XIII was well pleased with the petition. "Now, wrote the bishop, you have the approbation of the Church."

A few weeks later, being at Blois and going over the Chateau, when she came to the Hall of the "*Etats Generaux*" she pictured to herself the assembly of the deputies, treating of the questions most important to the welfare of the nation, and she thought: If she could see deputies from all the nations in the Christian world meeting together in this way to promote the interests of Christ their King! But this appeared to her as a dream beyond possibilities. Yet God willing the dream of today may be the reality tomorrow. No progress was made for some time and she was beginning to feel rather discouraged when she heard that the director of pilgrimage was taking advantage of an anniversary—1873—to organize at Favernay a Eucharistic Congress which promised to be a real national gathering. The result surpassed all hopes.

Meanwhile sad days were coming for the Church in France. Her enemies enraged at the headway made by the Catholic party were plotting against her. Public demonstrations were forbidden. The beggar wondered if the time had not come for her to go and beg in other countries. The assistant of her convent school was a Belgian. She went to consult her. The nun promised her an introduction to some friends who would meet her and be able to help her. She would do well to see Father Verbeker, S.J., who possessed as much influence as piety and zeal.

Eager as usual, the beggar wanted to start at once. Mgr. de Segur gave her a letter for the Archbishop of Mecklin, Cardinal Deschamp and other prelates in Belgium and Holland.

She was well received by the Cardinal, who approved of her idea, though he said nothing could be done for the present. People were too much engrossed by the coming elections. She had better see the bishops in Holland. They received her kindly, except the Archbishop of Amsterdam, who did not see the use of a Congress, and her endeavors to remind him of the bishops' letters on the subject drew upon her bitter censures which made her feel more than ever that she was "only a beggar-woman."

However, several influential members of the clergy and of the laity thought differently. "Let our French brothers come—were their parting words—every home will be open to them."

Cardinal Deschamp came back from Rome with the good news that His Holiness had promised to send his blessing to the members of the Congress. The beggar returned to France. Father Verbeker, S.J., having some affairs to arrange in Paris, met Mgr. de Segur and some well known seculars. They decided to start at once the organization of a Congress. In answer to the circulars they received warm promises of attendance. Shortly after Father Verbeker wrote the propaganda had to be stopped in Belgium. All seemed to be lost at least for the present. This was "the hour of darkness" for the beggar. Has she been mistaken all along? Was the failure the result of her own deficiency? But it was only for a few days. The promoters had thought of Philibert Vrau, the great worker of Lille. He suggested very hopefully that Lille should be selected for a Congress in June. The government could only forbid public demonstrations. The Holy Father sent with special love the apostolic benediction to all those who would be present at the Congress. The University of Lille lent its large hall for the meetings and the chapel for the night adoration. The clergy and directors of associations from Belgium and France were in large numbers and almost every country in Europe had sent its representatives. So the Congress of 1878 could rightly be termed *International*.

Details of this Congress cannot be given here. These three days could never be forgotten. A permanent committee was formed to organize a Congress if possible every year. The next took place at Avignon. Then at Liege, Fribourg, Paris, Antwerp, Jerusalem (1893), Reims, Brussels, Paray, Lourdes, Rome (1905), and many more. From all sides came reports telling of the lasting good they produced. The beggar-woman watched with intense joy and grati-

tude. She attended every large Catholic gathering hidden in the crowd, "to sow ideas for others to take them up." She remained unknown. The few friends who had helped her had kept her secret well till she died in 1909.

M. H.

FROM ATHEISM TO CATHOLICISM THROUGH SPIRITISM

WE are told repeatedly in Holy Writ that "God's ways are unsearchable;" that He is good to those who seek Him. Moreover, those who have acquired understanding and knowledge through much dealing with the human soul say that often God seems pleased to show forth His wisdom and power by turning the devil's tricks against themselves and making of obstacles means to His own ends.

Madame Mink Julien's conversion is a striking instance of this. It is so full of mysteries, so extraordinary, that the priest who instructed her and prepared her for baptism desired her to write an account of it for him while all the details were still vivid and clear in her memory. So she can declare that what she says is literally true.

Later on, when she had to leave Paris, she wrote it again, including the months following her reception into the Church, at the request of Canon L. Mangis who had taken charge of her soul.

In the course of time, when she confided to a few intimate friends some of the marvelous incidents of her conversion, they urged her to make them known for the glory of God. She began to think it was her duty to return public thanks to Him for His own glory and for the comfort of many anxious souls longing for their Maker and groping their way towards Him in the dark, even as she had done.

Having asked Canon Mangis's advice on the matter, he answered that if her narrative had been published soon after her conversion people would not have failed to attribute it to the need of consolation in her great sorrow, to a fit of religious sentimentality. But after seven years spent amidst poverty, contradictions, trials and sufferings of all kinds, no one could doubt the strength and reality of her convictions.

So he would not prevent her from publishing "The ways of God."

These pages being written for publicity, Madame Mink Julien preferred to suppress all that was very private or not closely connected with her conversion.

As the book stands, it is so full of wondrous and startling events that it was thought advisable to warn the reader and to answer

beforehand some of the many objections which undoubtedly would be raised against it. So it opens with an explicit and learned preface by Rev. Father T. Mainage, O. P.

The work has been quite recently translated into English and published with the approbation of the ecclesiastical authority.

"I was born in Geneva, an almost protestant town, and brought up by unbelieving parents who were virtuous, though not in the Christian spirit and meaning of this word.

My mother fought with pen and words against what she called "clerical prejudice." Yet it was not from her that I derived that hatred of priests which was later on one of the greatest obstacles to my entering the Church.

My first notion about God was to *regret* that *He did not exist*. I was certainly not more than five years old when my favorite amusement was to pretend that God exists and that, being dead, I went to Heaven where I met my little brother who had lately died and I took part in his games with the angels. Whence came those ideas I could not say.

Later on, when I could understand better the discussions held around me, I was on the watch for all the indications which might have set me on the road to find God, though I did not believe in Him. But He seemed to have ever willed that there should be always a small place kept for Him in my mind.

From time to time, when I took deep breaths of the open fresh air, when I was bathed in sunshine, or when the entrancing sweetness of some hymn singing was borne to me by the evening breeze, I felt my heart melt within me; I remained speechless, listening without understanding it to the call of some mysterious prayer; then I felt more than ever an intense regret that there should be no God.

When I was about twelve I read a poem in which Jesus, though He is spoken of as legendary, is yet treated as the *Master*, and I cried hysterically because this wonderful poem was only a legend. And so my soul kept sighing for its God.

After my marriage I loved to help my husband in his labor for the socialist party, but I never wrote anything against religion, though the older I grew the more I hated it.

To pass a priest alone at night upset me in a way no one could imagine. You will easily understand my feelings when my husband told me that his young brother whom he loved was entering the great seminary at Lyons. I did not know him then, but I wept bitterly over my husband's misfortune and on the disgrace I had brought upon my family by marrying amongst "clericals."

My hatred for the Church did not prevent me from seeking God in anguish, though in my opinion He was only a myth.

When my brother-in-law had become a priest he frequently came to see my husband for whom he had a great affection.

One day, when my little son was dying, he asked me if he could baptize him. I answered coldly that his father must decide this question; but had he killed the boy I could not have felt more indignant.

About that time exceptional circumstances led me to devote myself to medical studies. I was delighted. I hoped, through it, to come to the discovery of God, because this science more than any other implies researches on undefined ground where the physical and the mental elements go together, and this study is full of opportunities for acquiring a knowledge of the soul.

Several years later, when we were staying in Tonkin, my husband had undergone a serious operation in the hospital, the doctor had told me that very morning that he could not recover. Having been long without rest, I fell asleep by his bed when I saw him standing half out of a newly dug grave.

He looked long at me and said, "Why do you weep for me?" "I am not dead. I shall not die until two years have elapsed and I have given you another son."

Then he gave me minute advice as to the future management of my family and disappeared.

The same day the doctor said an unforeseen change had taken place, my husband was out of danger and I could return to my children.

My husband died two years after, shortly before the birth of the son he had promised me.

In accordance with his convictions and also with mine, I refused to have him buried with the Catholic ritual, or even to have a cross on his tombstone.

I had lost my first-born. I had lost my mother. But to lose one whose soul is linked to yours, and whose life contains the whole purpose of your own, that is terrible.

You can imagine in what state his death left me. I loved him not only intensely, but religiously. He was literally my only God. Everything in him had filled me with continual admiration.

I had been a widow for five months. I was in the hospital at Hanoi, a town where witchcraft flourishes. A lady told me that a friend of hers—a Mrs. C.—who was under treatment, was an extraordinary medium. She had in her room a large table on which the alphabet and the figures from 0 to 9 were printed.

She would put her hands on a small table made for the purpose; then this little table would run over the larger one, making long sentences. Through this means secrets were disclosed, lost articles were found, the future was foretold. It was wonderful.

I never believed in spiritism, so I laughed when I heard all this. I asked, in an easy, light manner, to whom I was speaking and the table wrote: "Henry." I would not believe it. All this seemed to me absurd, yet there was evidently no fraud.

My hands were still on the table and it framed the following sentence: "It is indeed your Henry who is here; believe it."

How shall I describe my emotion at the hope which suddenly arose in me? I had believed that he was absolutely dead; there was no light to relieve my grief; and from this darkness a voice brought me the hope of a life beyond the grave!

For days and days I sought the key to this enigma. I consulted this invisible speaker without really believing in him. Yet his answers were always in keeping with the tender, straight-forward character of my husband.

One day he asked to speak to me alone, and when everybody had left the room I heard: "I want you to marry again."

This troubled me very much, and a few days later, as I was asking questions on various matters he declared plainly that I was to marry again, but as a consequence, which I could not understand, three of my children must die. I was then too entirely certain of the presence of some real being to make light of these words. In terror I threw the table from me, yet I soon took it up again to hear more, but it remained motionless.

In great distress I went to Mrs. C. and told her what had happened. She placed her hands on the little table and said with a simplicity which moved me very much: "M. Julien, your wife is very unhappy, will you not answer her? No—Then what can I do to comfort her? Say a *Pater* and an *Ave*."

I was bewildered at the mention of these prayers entirely unknown to me, and I refused to follow her to the chapel in the garden where she prayed with much fervor.

This same evening I was resting and thinking upon all these strange things when suddenly I felt penetrated by some inner light which was like the dawn of a wondrous day. For a second, I cannot tell how, I understood that *God is*, that He is master of the past and of the future, and there remained in my mind a delightful certainty of *God's existence*.

Nevertheless, Madame Mink Julien could not forget the strange threat: "You must marry again and your children shall die."

She felt, she said, as a prisoner in a diabolical circle from which there was no escape, and she suffered greatly. At the same time as she grew more anxious about God, her sorrowing for her husband became more peaceful. She felt as if she had found him again. He was there, still alive, always the same for her; and her love also was the same. All her mystical aspirations were satisfied. When she was about to return to France one morning she was filled with the same interior light which already once had revealed God to her.

She had fallen asleep thinking of God and of eternal things, and when she woke she felt again this wondrous light of the soul.

She realized that her spiritual self was living in a different manner from her physical being. She did not see God, but she saw that *He was there*, and this certainty was a thousand times more perfect than the first.

She goes on to say: "While I was on the steamer which carried me to France I felt very much troubled at not being able to converse any more with my husband, or at least with the mysterious being who spoke in his name. There was in my cabin a big trunk of porous wood. One day the thought came to me that it could be used as a table. I took a pair of scissors and pressed the point on the trunk, asking that they might be used as a pen for writing, and I closed my eyes so as not to interfere in any way with the moving of my hands.

When I opened them, I saw triumphantly that the scissors had traced a sentence. After this I wrote with a piece of chalk on the walls, and these communications with the unseen became of daily occurrence.

One day, to all my questions I obtained only such answers as: "God must be obeyed first.— God can do all He will."

At last, in despair, I cried like a child and asked my husband why he had changed so much towards me. The only answer was: "I love God. God also will have His day."

One must have a heart exclusively human to understand what I felt. I cannot express what tumult, what storm was raised in my soul. He was taken from me by another; and that other, the God before whom, it is said, the very earth trembles.

I felt rebellious, as Satan had been. After many days I asked: "After all, what is it your God wants me to do?"

"You must marry again and love your second husband." I asked in anguish: "Do you not remember all our happy days together?" —"forget them."

I resolved then to cease all communications with my husband. A few days after, it occurred to me that perhaps my love was to him

as an earthly bond which kept him from perfect happiness, and I said to him that whatever it might cost me I would obey him. I cannot tell you with what alacrity the chalk wrote three times, "Light!" When I asked the meaning of this word the answer was: "Now marry again or not; it does not matter any more." All this seems very strange, yet all had happened so gradually that it had ceased to appear so to me.

I was not in the least surprised. Nevertheless, I lived under some occult influence which was very disturbing. I was really a soul in distress. The tragedy of my heart was over, that of my mind began. This very evening, as I was watching the stars, I felt an extraordinary impression which I cannot express. It seemed to me besides, that an unknown faculty which enabled me to grasp new relations had just developed in me.

I behaved outwardly in the same manner as before, but my spiritual life was intense. During four days when I was pondering on some mystery of the Catholic religion, which I interpreted wrongly, as I was ignorant of them, for less than a second a soft radiant light shone inexpressibly in my mind.

I grasped the truth in all its majesty; then it vanished and faith alone remained. Yes, it is in this way alone that I learned my catechism. Thus all the dogmas were revealed to me, even the Eucharist—this very word was unknown to me.

However, I could not bring myself to embrace a religion I abhorred. A time came when I was even afraid of going any further.

To be in continual intercourse with one dead for several months is no commonplace occurrence. To wonder and to ask anxiously whether this being is really what he pretends or some evil spirit is still more strange. But nothing is so terrible as the following alternative: If this religion be true, the process through which it is revealed to me is diabolical.

If so, as Satan is the father of lies, this teaching cannot be true. It is maddening. Yet, what I found still worse is the rebellion of the intellect where it sees that all it has believed is false; that all the sincere, sensible, learned men who guided it were in error and that what it used to reject is the truth!

Furthermore, there was in my case the torture of being alone without any guide, without any support; fearing every moment, owing to the very process of my initiation, that I had found my God only to lose Him for ever.

At last I made up my mind to apply to my brother-in-law, the priest, as soon as possible. I have spoken to you, Father, of the light which would at times fill my soul and lead it gently towards faith.

Nevertheless, I had not been able, so far, to believe in the Incarnation, when one day a flash of divine light shone in my mind upon this mystery. I believed in the Son of God made man, and I conceived a boundless, unique, persevering desire for baptism, for myself and for my little ones.

Then I began to be very much afraid of yielding later on to human respect. I knew that I should be told indignantly by friends and relations that I had no right to lead my children to my faith, that they belong to their father as much as to myself. It would be treason towards him.

Once when I was troubled with this dread of the future the spirit wrote: "*Maurice's soul* will be there to help you, or *Maurice's soul* will strengthen you." These two words sounded ominous to me. This brother-in-law whom I had loved because of my husband was becoming very dear to me on account of my new found faith. I often said to my children: "How glad your uncle Maurice will be."

I found at Port Said a letter from my sister-in-law telling me that Maurice was not well. If he were better she would be at Marseilles to meet me. A fortnight later, on landing I found nobody waiting for me. The next morning, when getting out of the train in Paris, I saw my sister-in-law dressed in black and looking very pale. I asked at once how Maurice was. She told me not to be anxious about him and she took us to her house. I soon told her my great news and urged her to tell Maurice at once. Then she burst into tears and said he had been dead for a fortnight. I heard afterwards that he had offered his life for the conversion of his brother's family. O what a sense of loneliness came over me!

I wept in great discouragement. I had no Christian spirit; my sister-in-law's words of comfort had no meaning for me.

She began at once to inquire for an experienced and zealous priest to instruct me. At the end of a few days she said she had been advised to choose a certain Jesuit Father, which frightened me very much, but I took care not to show it.

He lived very near our house and he wrote he would be ready to wait upon me. My faith in Christ had not yet given me faith in his ministers. I thought they were capable of anything to attract people. To give me more confidence for the first interview, I took with me my little four-year-old daughter, though I was persuaded that I was leading her with myself into the greatest disaster. I had resolved to agree with him about everything for our Lord's sake, but my old principles and habits were too strong, and in spite of my good will, I raised endless objections to everything he said. Being asked by what means God had given me faith, I simply answered, by various

means, and I did not really possess it yet. I wanted to know, to understand, so Father Leon lent me: "Reasons to believe," of Father Lodié—a book which was a great help to me. Before leaving he said: "I want to see you pray kneeling with your children."

Pray before my children! On my knees! That was well on the spur of intense emotion when God was stronger than I was. But there in cold blood! I could not dream of such a thing. I tell you this, Father, to show how patiently and amidst what obstacles God made his way into my pagan soul.

I left him wondering whether I should persevere in this undertaking. However, God was watching over me. After the struggles of pride, He held in store for me the victories of love. . . .

I had then great anxieties. Without a profession, I had to support myself and my children and I had no experience of this kind of struggle. As the news of my conversion was spread around, I was gradually forsaken. No doubt God wanted me to rest on Him alone. The influential friends who had offered their help, when they heard I was left a widow, withdrew it when they knew the change in my opinions.

On my return to France some dear relatives had received us very hospitably, though they did not hide their surprise and grief at my becoming a Catholic. One morning this disagreement reached such a climax on both sides that I found myself in the street with my four children and my belongings and furniture, in snowy and bitterly cold weather, not knowing which way to turn. After a whole day spent in vain researches, we found a flat in a big workingman's house. The caretaker, seeing these children looking so cold, though well dressed, took us without asking for references. How powerful and good God is. All through this trial, the thought of complaining had never come to us for one moment.

I had not yet confided to Father Leon my dealings with spiritism, so mistrustful was my soul towards the priesthood during these difficult beginnings, and I continued them. So instead of finding peace, I found increased darkness and unrest. All these communications seemed now to have but one purpose—to make me *deny Hell*.

When on the steamer, God, in His infinite mercy, had shed His light on my mind. I could not help seeing the truth, so I accepted without hesitation the Catholic dogmas. But by some mysterious designs of God, nothing was ever shown to me concerning Hell. Through spiritism, on the contrary, I was repeatedly told: Hell does not exist. I admired the Church; I wanted to be completely Catholic, and I could not believe in Hell! I had told Father Leon of my

difficulty concerning this difficulty without telling him the cause of it. He prayed, asked prayers everywhere. Prayer. This was another thing I found impossible. For several months all this was a torture of every moment. Sometimes I said to Father Leon: "Baptism is a remedy; it will solve all my doubts; do not refuse it to me." Then he would answer: "Yes, it is a remedy; but it is also a sacrament; I may not give it to you until I am quite sure of your dispositions. Wait." So I could do nothing but wait and hope for all things from God's infinite goodness. However, I was near to despair. After ten months of praying and wondering (the Father had then in his hands the narrative I now transcribe for you) he granted me baptism. I asked him to make a ten days' retreat with my eldest girl aged twelve. He sent us to the "Cenacle," the remainder of a dispersed Community. What happy hours I spent in this little chapel! The Father came to see us every day. We were baptised and made our first communion on Whit Sunday. Father Leon knew I had a great devotion to the Holy Ghost. I must confess that till then it had not occurred to me to attend church services. With all my spiritual difficulties I preferred religious study to practices. But henceforth this state of things could not continue.

For some months past I had been cashier in a Co-operative Socialist Society. The post had been offered me by old friends of my mother and of my husband. So I was amidst much loved surroundings, but one of the rules was the obligation of practicing no religion. I was wondering anxiously what I should do when we had an argument about a woman who had been dismissed for sending her little daughter to a convent school and I was told that if my opinions were such I had no business to be amongst them. So I wrote at once to the head accountant, my tried friend, stating my case, reminding him at the same time that I only held the post temporarily to support my children. I begged him to lay the matter before the Council. I was dismissed. . . . Then I was a prey to the deepest discouragement. I greatly cared for my friends' regards; still more for those relatives who had deserted me.

Poverty compelled me to part with my two daughters, then with my little boys. Instead of throwing myself unreservedly into God's hands, as I should have done, I spent my time in useless writings to those who had spurned me. But for the lost old friends God always sent me new ones.

One evening I went into my parish church, and thinking I was alone, I could not help crying bitterly. But I was not alone. A young priest who chanced to be there looked at me with compassion. Taken

by surprise, and to excuse myself, I said I was in great need of someone who would speak to me about Our Lord. He then asked me to wait for him a moment.

He went to the sacristy and came back holding an open volume of the Gospels (the first I ever possessed).

He pointed to a text and told me to read it. I read this: "You will be persecuted because of me. . . ." So once more when I thought the Divine Saviour far from me, He revealed to me His presence and care. He had sent His priest that he might whisper His name to me.

He became a devoted friend and helper until Our Lord made me leave Paris to place myself in your hands.

I soon came to love my solitude which afforded me sweet intercourse with my only Friend; and the poverty to which He promised incredible riches. Could I ever thank Him enough for so many marks of His love.

With what profusion He has revealed to me His adorable presence in my heart in times of trials. Young as they are, my children realize that.

I should end this narrative badly were I to say nothing of the sweet consolations and comfort my heart has found in the Mother of God. During the whole year which followed my baptism something in me rebelled at times against devotion to the Blessed Virgin.

As I was preparing for Confirmation, it occurred to me to make a novena to obtain devotion towards her. At the very moment it ended I was suddenly filled with a new love which never changed, except to grow stronger.

THE FOUR LAST POPES, SEEN BY A FRENCH JOURNALIST

THE great jubilee and the marvelous series of beatifications and canonizations that marked 1925, brought even those who were not privileged to visit Rome, very close in spirit to the holy city. Some, who remembered their Roman days as the happiest of a lifetime, realized, without an effort, the glorious scenes that took place in St. Peters when the Church set her seat on the sanctity of many of her children. Others understood, perhaps for the first time, that Rome is the spiritual centre of the world, the "home," whence light, grace and guidance radiate on all the children of the Catholic Church, whatever may be their station in life, their country, their intellectual or material gifts!

The prominent place taken by Roman happenings in public opinion explains the extraordinary success of a book lately published, that, without in any way, minimizing their dignity, brings the four last Popes more familiarly before us. It is written by an Italian, M. Carlo Prati, adapted and translated by a talented Frenchwoman and prefaced by the latter's husband, well known as a writer, M. Jean Carrere.¹

M. Carrere, curiously enough, went to Rome as the official correspondent of *le Temps*, a first class French newspaper, by no means clerical in its views, but directed by men intelligent enough to value their correspondent's competence, sense of justice, safe judgment and excellent writing. M. Carrere was thus able to write freely and fully of what he saw, his tact and talent made him popular at the Vatican; he was a fervent admirer of Pius X and, in June 1924, he had a private audience with Pius XI, who congratulated him on the success of his last book *le Pape*.

Of the four last Popes, M. Carrere's preferences, frankly, though respectfully, expressed, go out to Pius X and to the present Pontiff. His luminous preface to the Italian book is full of information; in an attractive, but absolutely realistic picture, he puts before us the voluntary prisoners, who since 1870, have on assuming their supreme dignity, never left the Vatican. Pius IX took up the position after

¹ Papes et Cardinaux dans la Rome moderne, par Carlo Prati, preface par Jean Carrere. Paris.

Rome was seized by the Piedmontese; he did so firmly, quietly, with great dignity, but at the cost of a real sacrifice. In happier days, he had gladly kept up a cordial contact with his people and the imprisonment within the Vatican probably caused him more pain than it did to his successor, for Pius IX had been an independent ruler and the new state of things reduced him to the rank of a dispossessed temporal sovereign. It is true that, since their temporalities have been taken from them, the Pope's spiritual empire seems to have gained in importance, but Pius IX could not foresee this wonderful development that, during the Jubilee year, was particularly noticeable.

Leo XIII had spent part of his life as Cardinal at the Vatican; he seemed according to Mr. Carrere well prepared to govern the Church from the "mystical prison" that he never left; where the Popes, who are generally over sixty when elected, begin a life of hard work, heavy responsibilities, close confinement, at an age when most men think of enjoying a well earned repose.

The life of each Pontiff is set much on the same lines, varied, in a certain measure according to individual temperament and tastes. The Pope always says Mass early and occasionally, after his thanksgiving takes a short walk in the gardens. Then he opens his letters and one of his secretaries notes the answers to be given. Before 11, the Secretary of State presents himself and an important hour or two follow, during which the interests of the Universal Church are examined, discussed and settled. After the Secretary of State comes, on stated days, different Cardinals, Bishops from many countries, all of whom have to give an account of the matters that are their special concern. When these audiences are over, the Pope dines, afterwards he rests or walks in the gardens, but soon begin the public audiences that last year were never suspended even for a day. Leo XIII gave his visitors an impression of majesty and power, Pius X one of radiant sanctity. He came in without any guards, accompanied only by a few prelates. Speaking but Italian, he could not, like his predecessor, converse with his foreign visitors in their own tongue. One of these, knowing this, addressed him in Italian, but with an accent that made his speech hopelessly unintelligible; neither the Holy Father, nor his companions, understood a word: "Never mind," said Pius X, with his kindly smile: "The language of the heart is always understood, in whatever dialect it is expressed." Benedict XV, an aristocrat by birth, accustomed to diplomatic circles, revived a portion of the old ceremonial, that Pius X had considerably simplified. As for the present Holy Father, his attitude towards visitors, who during the holy year, came to the Vatican by thousands, is singularly sympathetic. He speaks French fluently, he is evidently

interested in his children from all countries, he adapts his speeches to theirs according to their mentality and environment. His quick grasp of subjects, however varied, his keen interest in all manner of things and people, are evident, together with a fatherly note of welcome, that more than once, moved pilgrims to tears. He considers audiences as a duty and also as a joy, and he occasionally prolongs those that take place in the morning, regardless of time; it often happens that his midday meal takes place towards three o'clock! When Pius XI finds a congenial spirit, he discusses literary matters with delight: thus a well known Friar editor was amazed at his intimate knowledge of the important works published by the visitor's father. When M. Jean Carrere had the honor of a private audience in June, 1924, Pius XI kept him over an hour, discussing Italian literature; it was, on this occasion, that after congratulating his visitor on his book lately published, *le Pape*, he approved that he should write one on the "Poetry of the Church."

Until the reign of Pius X, it was the custom for the Popes to have their meals alone; Leo XIII never went to table, his scanty repasts were brought to him on a silver tray. When Pius X desired that his friend and secretary, Mgr. Bressau should dine with him, it created a mild sensation in the Holy Father's immediate circle. After some hesitation, a distinguished prelate belonging to his household approached the new Pope and respectfully reminded him that, according to an ancient custom, the reigning Pontiff always had his meals alone.

The late Patriarch of Venice gently shook his head with an amused smile: "Are you quite sure, he asked, that St. Peter always had his meals alone?" While his embarrassed visitor hesitated what to answer, he went on "And how about Julius II, and Leo X?" The prelate, worse and more puzzled, replied: "Oh no, Holy Father, the great Popes of the Renaissance, on the contrary, often gave sumptuous feasts." Then, continued Pius X, when does the tradition to which you allude, begin?—It began under Urban VIII—"Well" said the Pope with the same amused expression and kindly smile: "our glorious predecessor, Urban VIII, who was a Pope as we are, decided that the Sovereign Pontiffs should have their meals alone; he had the right to do this, but, having the same right, we decide the contrary and desire that Mgr. Bressau should share our meal." With these words, he dismissed his messenger and no one ever again alluded to the "tradition" so quietly put aside. Now and then, another of his friends, Mgr. Vescini, or even other Bishops with whom the Pope particularly wished to speak were invited to partake of his simple meals. Another innovation created a certain flutter; when the

Pope invited his sisters now and again to his table. These quiet, holy women, who had shared his life at Venice were content to live unknown and unseen in the shadow of St. Peters, but the Pope liked seeing them and frankly owned that he enjoyed a conversation during meals, whereas when alone, his one object was to despatch his solitary repast as quickly as possible. "Our Lord," he used to say, ate with his disciples and even with the Pharisees. And how delightful a guest he must have been we can gather from the Gospels; why should we be more standoff than he was."

Another reform came about when Pius X discovered that at least seven cooks were employed in the Papal Kitchens: "What to make me some broth and a couple of eggs, are seven cooks necessary!" he exclaimed. The tradition of the Popes of the Renaissance, one of whom, Clement VII, gave a dinner to Charles V on a certain Friday, when one hundred meagre dishes figured on the "menu," seems responsible for the number of cooks employed, in spite of the extreme frugality of the later Pontiffs. With his clear sense of what is right and fitting, Pius X, while he considerably diminished the "personnel" of the Vatican Kitchens, was careful to keep up a degree of state, suitable to the dignity of the Papal court; though his own simple ways never changed, he knew what was owing to the post that he filled.

One wonders if Urban VIII, when he established the custom of the reigning Pope having his meals alone was not prompted by a wish to prevent the return of expensive traditions. Pius XI, like Pius X, occasionally invited some of his intimates to dine with him, but the fact that his meals may take place at any time, as he never hesitates to sacrifice his personal convenience, by prolonging his audiences if necessary, prevents him from often inviting his friends. His secretaries, who having dined at reasonable hours, are free when the Pope's meals are served, are asked one or other, to sit with him while he dines; he talks over the day's events, asks for news or has the *Osservatore Romano* and the *Carriere d'Italia* read aloud, if the articles are important. In the evening, the Pope having finished his day's work, gladly turns his attention to the events of the day or to the literary questions that always appeal to him. He retires early to his private apartments, but prolongs his reading and his prayers far into the night. The present Holy Father is, we all know, a distinguished scholar, a lover of books, he was only twenty-two when, in 1879, he and his friend, Mgr. Lualdi, now Archbishop of Palermo, received their diplomas as doctors of the Academy of St. Thomas, a learned ecclesiastical body, that is directed today by Cardinal Billot. These two brilliant young churchmen interested

Leo XIII, and on his expressed desire, they were presented to him. Placing a hand on the heads of the young men, kneeling at his feet, the aged Pontiff talked to them at some length, expounding his ideas on the subjects they had studied and encouraging their zeal for learning. Soon afterwards, one, Achilli Ratti was made professor of theology and sacred eloquence at Milan and, in 1888, he was named doctor of the famous Ambrosian Library, one of the most important in Europe; he was then only thirty-one. For twenty years, he worked within the walls of the great Library that he loved; he became its prefect in 1907, and only left it to fill the still greater post of Prefect of the Vatican Library in 1914.

In the chapter called *The Popes and physical exercises*, the book before us tells us how in the confined space where since 1870, their days are spent, every Pope brings his distinct individuality to bear on a life, whose main lines are necessarily somewhat similar. Pius IX, who had been a reigning sovereign, submitted with much dignity and some sadness, to the imprisonment within the Vatican that he considered a sacred duty: to act otherwise would have been to accept the taking of Rome by the Italian government. Leo XIII, in his youth an energetic swimmer, generally drove in the gardens of the Vatican, in which he took a keen interest. He introduced gazelles, peacocks, ostriches and other animals and he often used to visit a vineyard, still called by his name, where he conversed with the vine dressers. Pius X cared little for plants and animals, but born a peasant, accustomed to long walks through the sunny plains of Lombardy, when he was parish priest, he needed exercise. At Venice, when the Lido was comparatively solitary, he used to go there in his gondola and walk with a rapid step through the quiet lanes. At the age of sixty-six he went on foot to a pilgrimage chapel high up on Mount Grappa and walked home. Accustomed to an open air life, at Venice, he, from the first, dispensed with the guards and prelates, who accompanied Leo XIII when he left the palace. Alone, his successor walked with a vigorous step through the Vatican gardens and, to the observations of his household, he replied by declaring his intentions of taking his daily walk, either alone or with a companion of his choice and without guards. Here, as in the matter of meals, he quietly gained his point and broke through old customs; such was his personal charm and holiness that his decisions were accepted as a matter of course and excited no criticism.

Benedict XV, whose health was weak, generally drove through the gardens or walked slowly to and fro, bending under a burden of responsibility that soon exhausted him. Pius XI, once an Alpine climber, whose feats in the high Alps are celebrated—they are even

memorialized by a marble tablet at Macugnana—though now limited by time and space, keeps up his active habits. Every day, generally in the afternoon, he sallies forth, whatever the weather may be. He walks rapidly, his object being, by a certain amount of fresh air and physical exercise, to counteract the mental fatigue of arduous work and endless audiences. In spite of his medical advisers, the Pope, whose health is robust, insisted on going out even in the rain and at last, rather than give up his daily walks, he allowed a long-covered gallery to be built, where he can, whatever be the weather, take the exercise that he requires.

The book that gives us a familiar picture of the life led within their prison palace by Christ's vicars, also enters into details concerning the Cardinals who reside in Rome and whose task it is to assist the Holy Father in the government of the Universal Church. These Cardinals who are mostly Italian, are obliged to keep up a certain external state, but their lives are singularly hard working, simple and austere. They are in charge of the many offices and Congregations, where the affairs of the Church are treated and spend their days in examining and deciding matters of the highest importance.

Cardinal Rampolla, on the accession of Piux X, ceased to be Secretary of State; he was known for his magnificent gifts to his basilica of St. Cecilia, on which he spent millions, but he lived like a poor man, eat next to nothing and wore his clothes till the nuns who mended them protested against their shabbiness. Cardinal Billot, a Jesuit, looked upon as one of the "lights of the Church," who, since 1885 has taught dogmatic theology at the Gregorian University, where he was appointed by Leo XIII, lives in a few austere rooms, on the ground floor of the South American College. It required a distinct order from the General of the Society to make him accept a Cardinal's hat. Absorbed in his work, he cares nothing for mundane matters, but all that touches the Church appeals to him and when M. Jean Carrere published his book *le Pape*, he came on foot to congratulate his countrymen on his excellent work. Except when obliged to do so by the dictates of his office, Cardinal Billot always wears his black cassack.

During some years after the taking of Rome by the Piedmontese, Anti-clericalism ran high in the eternal city and to protect the dignity of the Cardinals, strict rules were issued to prevent them from being insulted by the mob. They were forbidden to walk in the streets of Rome and were always, when they drove, accompanied by a secretary and a man servant. Within the last few years, these prudent measures have ceased to be necessary. On fine afternoons, it often happens that venerable Cardinals leave their motors at the

foot of the Pincio and pace the sunny gardens, respectfully saluted by the people. The Romans know, how busy are their well filled days, how useful their services, how penitential and austere their mode of living.

The book before us ends with a detailed account of the conclave that elects a new Pope; it brings before us vividly the prayerful spirit in which the election is carried out; the earnestness and conscientiousness of the men, who are called upon to elect the Vicar of Christ. The word "Conclave," originally signified locked up, it had its origin in an incident that occurred at Viterbo in 1271, when seventeen cardinals, who had assembled to elect the successor of Clement IV, were months before they could come to a decision. The unrest and confusion caused by this prolonged vacancy of the Holy See infuriated the people, who locked up the Cardinals in the palace and only opened the doors when the new Pope was chosen.

The Conclave, at the present day takes place in conditions of absolute isolation, in order to guard its members against undue external influences. The ritual followed is one that dates far back; it must be an impressive sight to see each Cardinal holding the folded paper on which his vote is written, kneel before the altar and repeat the solemn words: "I attest before the Lord Christ, Who will judge me, that I give my vote to him, whom before God I believe is the one I should elect." When the election is known outside, cries of *Abbiamo un Papa* break out from the assembled multitude, and a few minutes later, as if by magic, the whole city knows the news. The book before us remarks that before 1870, the people were doubly interested in the election of one, who was at once their spiritual and their temporal sovereign; but that now that the Holy Father is only a spiritual chief this interest grows more intense at every Conclave; the whole world shares in the emotion that reigns in Rome. This emotion was intensified when Pius XI, contrary to the custom of his three predecessors, who gave their first blessing from a window opening *inside*. St. Peter's, appeared at the open *loggia*, where, a few minutes before his name had been proclaimed. The sight of the white robed figure, the lifted hand that blessed the people, *urbi et orbi* brought the multitude to its knees and many present shed tears. It was not surprising, given the excitement of the crowd, that some eager spirit interpreted the Holy Father's gesture wrongly and concluded from it that he made his peace with the Italian Government! This mistake, Pius XI soon tactfully and decidedly rectified; his gesture was far wider and more full of meaning, it was symbolic of his universal fatherhood; it was his message, not only to Rome but to his children to the far ends of the world. If the Church

is eminently conservative in her ritual and ceremonies, she modifies certain customs according to the requirements of the age. Till the election of the present Pope, the rule was that the Conclave for the election of his successor should assemble ten days after the late Pontiff's death. There were formerly no Cardinals except in Europe, now there are princes of the Church in the United States, Canada, Brazil, etc., and we remember how, in spite of their diligence, certain American Cardinals arrived after the election. This can never happen again, Pius XI having arranged that whenever the next Conclave takes place, all the Cardinals, however distant their post, shall have time to reach Rome.

COMTESSE DE COURSON.

BLESSED OLIVER PLUNKET

THE beatification of Oliver Plunket, solemnly promulgated by his Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, is an event of the first importance in the history of Catholic Ireland. March 17, 1918, will be a red-letter day in the Irish calendar for all future time; for, on that auspicious date it was decided to proceed with his beatification. It was most appropriate that the feast of the National Apostle should have been signalized by the decision to raise to the honors of the Church's altars St. Patrick's lineal successor in the Primatial See of Armagh, the martyred prelate whose saintly life, fruitful labors, and supreme sacrifice shed additional lustre upon it. The death of any saint or favored soul is a day of triumph—the consummation and fruition of a life devoted to the service of God and of the Church, when the good and faithful servant enters into the joy of the Lord, to receive his or her well-earned everlasting reward. If it be so when the passing from an earthly to a heavenly life takes place in the calmness and seclusion of the cloister, surrounded by religious brethren and consoled and fortified by supernatural and natural assistance—the sacraments, which are the pledge and assurance of immortality and the kind care of loving companions—much more must it be an occasion of triumph when it is hallowed and glorified by martyrdom; when a successful combat against the forces of evil is crowned and completed by a death so closely resembling that of the Divine Martyr who on Calvary's height overcame the world. Such a death was that of Oliver Plunket when on Friday, July 11, 1681, he laid down his life at Tyburn to take it up again beyond the tomb, where no human or inhuman, executioners could deprive him of it. In the eyes of the world of his day he had failed, as in the eyes of the Jewish and Roman world *the Nazarene* had apparently failed; but it was the triumph of failure, a seeming failure. He had led a crucified life, persecuted, hunted, and harassed. The priest-hunters were put upon his track when, marked out as one of the victims of England's atrocious penal code, he had to flee to the mountains and to take refuge among the peasantry, whom he loved and by whom he was venerated, who never betrayed him, although it was a time when

"They bribed the flock, they bribed the son,
To sell the priest and rob the sire;
Their dogs were taught alike to run
Upon the scent of wolf or friar."

In a letter to the Internuncio at Brussels, written on December 15, 1673, he draws a vivid picture of the sufferings he had to endure along with the Bishop of Waterford, when, after a temporary lull, the persecution against Irish Catholics was let loose in all its pitiless fury "The priests," he says, "give nothing to the bishops or ordinary;² I sometimes find it difficult to procure even oaten bread; and the house where I and Dr Brennan are is of straw, and covered or thatched in such a manner that from our bed we may see the stars, and at the head of our bed every slightest shower refreshes us; but we are resolved rather to die from hunger and cold than to abandon our flocks. It would be a shame for spiritual soldiers, educated in Rome, to become mercenaries."³ Writing about six years later, on May 15, 1679, he announces to the Internuncio: "So many are the spies in search of me, that I am morally certain I shall be apprehended; but, nevertheless, I will remain with my own, nor will I abandon them till I be dragged to the seashore."

It was not very long before the priest-hunters laid their unholy hands upon him. In November 1679 he left his place of concealment in the secluded parts of his own diocese and went to Dublin to assist, in his last moments, his relative, the aged Bishop of Meath, Dr. Patrick Plunket. Ten days later he was arrested by a body of militia, and, by order of the Viceroy, was committed a close prisoner to Dublin Castle, where he was kept in close confinement in a room adjoining that in which Dr. Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, who died there, was then imprisoned.

Before this took place Dr. Plunket had availed of a temporary mitigation of the penal laws to exercise his episcopal authority to the great advantage of the Church in Ireland. He had many things to set in order. Great confusion had followed in the train of persecution. Tudor wrath and Stuart guile had combined to oppress the unhappy Catholics; and out of the conflict between an alien creed and the ancient faith to which prelates, priests, and people, as a whole, adhered with unflinching tenacity, there grew up among the less fervent many laxities and abuses. He held a National Council

² Because they had nothing to give and were as poor as the poverty-stricken and persecuted people to whom they ministered in secret.

³ In the parish of Fanghart, near Dundalk, there is a cave where immemorial tradition attests that Dr. Plunket lay for three days concealed, and a house belonging to a Protestant family near the Giant's Causeway where he found a safe refuge.

in Dublin in 1670, and two Provincial Synods, one of Armagh held in Cloues in the same year, and another of Ardpatrik near Louth in 1678. Holding views regarding the jurisdiction of the Primacy, which no longer obtain but which he stoutly maintained, he made a personal visitation of all the Ulster Sees. Besides deciding a long-standing controversy between the Dominicans and Franciscans in favor of the former—a decision which though just, had lamentable after consequences, for it helped to embitter the hostility of some unworthy friars whom he had to censure for their misconduct, he had to provide for the education of his flock who had suffered grievously from the persecution, being starved in mind as well as in body by iniquitous laws passed in 1581 that penalized Catholic education. If a Catholic kept a school, or taught any person—Protestant or Catholic—any species of literature or science, such teacher was, for the “crime” of teaching, punished by banishment; and if he returned from banishment, he was subject to be hanged as a felon; while any Catholic pupil child or adult, incurred forfeiture of all its property for attending a Catholic school or being even privately instructed. A similar penalty was incurred by having recourse to any foreign country for education. They had to get even the most elementary education by stealth, imparted by hedge schoolmasters. It is this epoch the poet alludes to when he tells us how

“ . . . stretched on mountain fern

The pupil and his teacher met feloniously to learn.”

Many Catholic teachers, taking all the risks, suffered imprisonment and pecuniary fines. Dr. Plunket, like other bishops, had to mourn the loss to the Church of poor children who had been perverted by going to Protestant schools. One of the first things he did on arriving in Ireland was to establish Catholic schools, as soon as the relaxation of the penal code permitted. Before July, 1670, he opened a college for three Jesuit Fathers, to maintain which he often deprived himself of the necessities of life; but a new outburst of persecution scattered to the winds this noble work.

It was not merely local schools for the laity that engaged his attention, but, finding many of the clergy deficient in those higher studies required for the efficient discharge of their parochial office, and seeing that it was impossible in a country so continually disturbed by wars and persecutions to make proper provisions for the pursuit of those studies, he turned his eyes to the Continent and especially to Rome, with the view of having students sent to Ireland from colleges abroad, which was done to his great satisfaction. He zealously promoted the establishment of the Irish College in Paris which, mainly at the instance of Dr. O'Molony, Bishop of Killaloe,

sprang into existence about this time; although it was not opened until after the martyrdom of Oliver Plunket.

One of his chiefest solitudes was for the restoration of ecclesiastical discipline, which had been impaired. This solicitude was to cost him much; it was to cost him his life, for it was two unfrocked friars, apostates whom he had to suspend, who swore his life away in London. He had, like another St. Paul, to experience the "perils" from false brethren," and to realize that "a man's worst enemies are those of his own household." The same zeal for discipline led him to combat the machinations of Taafe and Walsh who greatly troubled the Church in Ireland with their schismatical "Remonstrance,"⁴ of which the crafty Ormond, an inveterate enemy of the faith of the majority, made use in his insidious attempts to divide the Catholic body. "Taafe" writes Cardinal Moran, "is almost unknown in the published histories of this period, and yet few events attracted more attention for many years, or threatened our Irish Church with such imminent danger, as the imposture which he devised, and which can scarcely find a parallel in the ecclesiastical annals of our country. To support the ruinous fabric of the Remonstrance, this companion of Peter Walsh forged a Bull from the Holy See, empowering him, though a simple friar, to act as Vicar-Apostolic of all Ireland, and depose, as he should think fit, the local Vicars and Bishops, and make many other arbitrary arrangements for the due reformation of the Irish Church; all his plans, however, having for their chief object to discredit and depose whosoever had been opposed to the Remonstrance and to place the ecclesiastical authority of the country in the hands of its favorers and abettors. So artful was the forgery, and so ingenious its author, that he procured the recognition and authentication of his Bull, not only from Ormond and the English Government, but even from Dr. Darcy, Bishop of Dromore, and Dr. Patrick Plunket, Bishop of Ardagh."⁵ It was Dr. Edmund O'Reilly, the exiled Archbishop of Armagh, the immediate predecessor of Dr. Oliver Plunket, who unmasked this imposture, and merited the title of *malleus Remonstrantium*. Peter Walsh was a Jansenist. When a Franciscan friar in London he became acquainted with Jansenius, to whom he dedicated his public thesis on philosophy; and when the *Augustinus* was printed, after its author's death, he boasted of having been the first to read its proof-sheets as they came from the

⁴ The Remonstrance, compiled in 1661, containing many things derogatory from the dignity of the Holy See. Father Taafe, who is said to have been the dupe of Father Peter Walsh, was a brother of Lord Carlingford and an intimate friend of Lord Ormond. See Brennan's *Eccl. Hist. of Ireland*, t II, p. 203.

⁵ *Memoir of the Ven. Oliver Plunket, etc.*, by Card. Moran, Archbishop of Sydney, 1895.

press. But, thanks to the vigilance of the Irish bishops, all the attempts to introduce Jansenism into Ireland were foiled. Taafé ultimately went to Rome and lived retired in the convent of St. Isidore.

The holding of synods, the restoration of discipline, the removal of abuses and other things to which he put his reforming hand did not absorb all his attention. His zealous solicitude took in more than came under his immediate jurisdiction. He organized a mission to the Scoto-Irish of the Highlands and Hebrides, of which, by anticipation, he had been appointed Superior by the Holy See on September 17, 1669, when on his way to Ireland. At an early period of the persecution all the priests had been compelled to quit the Scottish islands, leaving the Catholics spiritually destitute and sunk in ignorance. A few heroic Irish priests, however, at the risk of their lives, crossed over from Ireland at intervals to minister to these poor derelict islanders. They were mostly jesuits, Franciscans and Vincentians. Dr. Plunket, who interested the Marquis of Antrim, a Catholic nobleman, and petitioned Propaganda for help, sent a small band of missionaries to the islands, but was unable to visit them himself.

Although upon the surface things looked favorable when Dr. Plunket, after his consecration at Ghent on November 30, 1669, passed through England to Ireland; received "a most gratifying audience" from the Queen, was "secretly lodged for ten days" in the apartments of Father Howard, grand almoner, in the royal palace, "the refuge of all foreign Catholics," because the chaplain enjoyed "great favor with the King and Queen" and was "loved by all, even by the Protestants for his great gentleness and courtesy," the undercurrents were setting silently and steadily in the direction of a recrudescence of the persecution. It was the calm before the storm; the torrent's smoothness ere it dashed below. He had been forewarned of the fate that impended over him before leaving Rome. When paying a farewell visit to the hospital of Santo Spirito, where he used to visit and minister to the sick when he sojourned at the Oratory of St. Girolamo, della Carita, a holy priest announced to him his future martyrdom. This was D. Jerome Mieskow, a Polish priest, of extraordinary sanctity of life, who, embracing him, said "My Lord, you are now going to shed your blood for the Catholic faith." Being himself possessed of the desire of thus bearing witness to the Faith, he replied with characteristic humility: "I am unworthy of such a favor; nevertheless, aid me with your prayers, that this my desire may be fulfilled."

Even before he reached Ireland in March, 1670, when his distinguished relatives, Sir Nicholas Plunket, the Earl of Fingal, and Lord Louth invited him to their houses, writing from London on December 30, 1669, he expressed his foreboding that "the Duke of Ormond will do his utmost to excite some storm against the clergy, in order to molest Mgr. Talbot, Archbishop of Dublin, for whom he entertains a mortal hatred. Ten days before that, Lord Conway apprised his brother-in-law, Sir George Rawdon, of the arrival of Dr. Plunket, counselling his apprehension as "an acceptable service." Aware of the feelings that existed he considered it prudent for some months to avoid appearing in public, and only performed his sacred functions and visited his flock by night or in disguise.

The persecution foreshadowed was not slow in coming. The very year after his arrival, the Earl of Orrery, a leader of the bigoted minority,⁶ expelled from Limerick by public edict all the Catholics. Lord Essex, who became Viceroy in August, 1672, was compelled by the jealous bigotry of the Protestants, and the Puritanical fanaticism of the English Parliament, to lay aside all semblance of toleration and strive by the most stringent measures to force the bishops to fly to the Continent and abandon their flocks. But Dr. Plunket exhorted his Episcopal brethren to remain in the country and conceal themselves till the storm passed, or, if driven to it, to imitate the example of the bishops of the first centuries, and fearlessly lay down their lives for their flocks, which he and many others did. During the first months of his episcopate, while making a visitation of his diocese, administering Confirmation⁷ and holding synods, the sword of persecution, like the sword of Damocles, was suspended over his head. Now it had fallen. In the province of Munster, Lord Orrery prohibited assemblages for Mass in Cork and Limerick and in that of Connacht Lord Kingston expelled the clergy from Galway. The magistrate of the City of Armagh issued an order that all Catholics should accompany him to the Protestant Church every Sunday, but Dr. Plunket, using his influence with the Earl of Charlemont, had it cancelled. When an outburst of persecution was feared in Armagh he had to burn all his foreign letters, even the Brief of his consecration.

After the English monarch, in 1673, had commanded all the bishops and regular clergy to depart from the Kingdom, the Irish Viceroy, in 1674, published a further proclamation that the registered

⁶ Dr. Plunket states that, with the exception of Dublin, the Catholics, as compared to Protestants, were as twenty to one.

⁷ On the 15th of December, 1673, he announced to the Secretary of Propaganda: "During the past four years I confirmed 48,655."

clergy⁸ should be treated with the greatest rigor. Secret orders were given to magistrates, sheriffs and detectives to find out the other bishops and regulars. "I and my companion no sooner received intelligence of this," Dr. Plunket told the Internuncio in a letter dated January 27, 1674, "than on the 18th of this month (styl. vet) which was Sunday, after Vespers, being the festival of the Chair of St. Peter, we deemed it necessary to take to our heels. The snow fell heavily, mixed with hailstones, which were very hard and large; a cutting north wind blew in our faces, and the snow and hail beat so dreadfully in our eyes, that to the present we have scarcely been able to see with them. Often we were in danger in the valleys of being lost and suffocated in the snow, till at length we arrived at the house of a reduced gentleman who had nothing to lose; but, for our misfortune, he had a stranger in his house, by whom we did not wish to be recognized; hence we were placed in a large garret, without chimney and without fire, where we have been during the past eight days; may it redound to the glory of God, the salvation of our souls, and of the flocks entrusted to our charge. So dreadful was the hail and cold, that the running of the eyes both of my companion and myself has not ceased yet, and I feel that I shall lose more than one tooth, so frightful is the pain they give me; my companion, moreover, was attacked with rheumatism in one arm, so that he can scarcely move it. I fear that for the future room will be wanting in the prisons, so many will be arrested; for, as I am informed, the sheriffs and magistrates of the King received orders to hunt out the bishops and regulars, searching for them even in private houses." About a fortnight later, referring to the persecution in Scotland where the Parliament made it high treason to hear Mass, he says: "It would seem that the days of Nero, Domitian and Diocletian have returned; the penalty of this crime of high treason is to be embowelled and quartered. So thus we shall have the blood of martyrs in abundance to fertilize the Church." His own blood was to fertilize the Church which has just decreed to him the honors of its altars. "These edicts, and proclamations, and decrees "he writes of the penal enactments in the sister islands," do not as yet regard Ireland, for it is not expressly mentioned in them; but I think there is, as usual, no danger of their forgetting us. Should they come to us, God be praised, we shall welcome them, *aut patiemur aut moriemur*; at least we will not be mercenaries; with the halter round our throat, they shall have to drag us to the vessel, for otherwise we shall not abandon the sheep or the lambs." Though the threatened storm of 1675 does not seem to have reached the Irish shores, there was a renewal of the persecu-

⁸ Card. Moran, op. cit. pp. 325-326.

tion towards the close of 1678, stirred up by the bogus "Popish Plot," of the infamous Titus Oates, when the anti-Catholic frenzy in England had its counterpart in Ireland. The Viceroy ordered all ecclesiastics to quit the Kingdom, failing which, a reward of £10 (less than 50 dollars) was offered for the capture of a bishop or Jesuit and £5 (less than 25 dollars) for a vicar-general or regular; while all Catholic societies, convents, seminaries and schools were utterly suppressed. A further proclamation ordered the suppression of "Mass houses" in the chief cities and towns and rewards were offered for the discovery of any officer or soldier who had heard Mass; no Catholics being suffered to reside in any corporate town. If it fared ill with the clergy, it fared no better with the laity; for an alien caste and an alien creed were in the ascendant and made use of their ascendancy to persecute and oppress. Well might Irish Catholics have said in the words of the national poet:

"Thy rival was honor'd, whilst thou wert wrong'd and
scorn'd,

Thy crown was of briars, while gold her brows adorned;
She wooed me to temples, while thou layest hid in caves,
Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas! were slaves."

"The arrest of the Primate," Cardinal Moran says, "was the crowning deed of the diabolical conspiracy of the enemies of the Catholic faith." It was fondly hoped at first that he would be released on giving an undertaking to quit the country, as no charge of treason, as yet, had been preferred against him, and it was assumed he was arrested solely because he had not obeyed the edict of expulsion and, in defiance of the prohibition, continued to exercise his episcopal functions. But his enemies, particularly the apostate friars, would not be satisfied until they satiated their vengeance by bringing him to the scaffold. "When rooting out the abuses which had crept into some districts of his diocese, and correcting the vices of some unhappy members of the clergy," says his latest and best biographer, "he had well foreseen that he had to treat with men who deemed his reforms too great a check on their vicious lives—who would refuse to listen to his words of correction and pursue him with their hatred even unto death. But he embraced these consequences of his sacred ministry with joy, and, as a good pastor, offered his life for the salvation of his flock and the healing of the wounds of his suffering Church."

No man was ever done to death on more tainted evidence. As early as 1678, when John Mac Moyer, his principal accuser, preferred a charge of conspiracy against the Crown. So notoriously bad was his character on account of the various crimes for which he had been

suspended by Dr. Plunket, that the grand jury refused to receive his testimony, and ordered him to be arrested, and it was with difficulty he escaped capital punishment. The conspirators were baffled but not beaten. Having concocted a charge of alleged treasonable practices, and the Viceroy having decided contrary to Mac Moyer's wishes that the trial should be held in Dundalk, Mac Moyer obtained an order from London that no Catholic should be on the grand or petty jury. But when the case was called, and the Primate who had 32 witnesses to refute the charge was arraigned, his chief accuser did not dare to appear, alleging, as a reason, the absence of Edmund Murphy, another false witness, who had fled, "because," wrote Dr. Plunket, "he well knew that the jury of Dundalk would have hanged him."⁹ Finding it impossible to attain their wicked ends in a country where their crimes were so public and the Primate so revered, they got the Venue changed to London, where the mock trial, a travesty of justice took place; where he was allowed no counsel and had to plead his own cause; where partisan judges¹⁰ used the judicial bench as a platform from which they inveighed against the Catholic religion, thus condemning themselves and proving, out of their own mouths, that it was for his religion he was to be put to death; and where an English jury, blinded by prejudice, promptly brought in the verdict of "guilty" expected from them. "If I had been in Ireland," he said, "I would have put myself on my trial tomorrow, without any witnesses, before any Protestant jury that knew my accusers and myself." He declared that the whole indictment was a mere romance, fabricated by his enemies, who had been chastised by him for their wicked lives. "I was a prisoner six months only for my religion," declared the Primate, "and there was not one word of treason spoken against me for so many years"; and the Attorney General himself avowed that he was arrested "for being an over-zealous papist." While the disreputable informers have only inscribed their infamous names in the records of crime, their victim he has been enrolled among the Beati and may yet be included in the Calendar of Saints. Truly, *in memoria eterna erit justus*.

Echard, in his *History of England* (Vol. III, p. 631), after stating that Dr. Plunket had an attestation of his innocence, under the hands of the two Viceroys, Lord Essex and Lord Berkeley, adds that he (the writer) was "assured by an unquestionable hand, that the Earl of Essex was so sensible of this good man's hardship, that he generously applied to the King for a pardon, and told his majesty that these witnesses must needs be perjured; for these things sworn

⁹ He had escaped from jail in Dundalk.

¹⁰ Lord Chief Justice, Sir Francis Pemberton, and Judges Dolfein and Jones.

against him could not possibly be true." Upon which the King, in a passion, said "Why did you not attest this at his trial? It would have done him good then. I dare not pardon any one." And so concluded with the same kind of answer he had given another person formerly, 'His blood be upon your head.' "

He died the death of a hero and a martyr. He slept calmly the night before, and when Captain Richardson, the Keeper of Newgate told him in the morning that he was to prepare for his execution, he received the message, that functionary told the Lieutenant of the Tower, "with all quietness of mind, and went to the sledge as unconcerned as if he had been going to a wedding." On the 11th of July, 1681, he was drawn on a hurdle to which he was tied with cords, face uppermost, to Tyburn, where several of the English martyrs, beautified by Leo XIII had met death as heroically and where he delivered his dying discourse which lasted an hour, clearing himself of the accusations for which he unjustly suffered—calling God and Heaven to witness his innocence as to the pretended conspiracy—declaring himself, in his humility, an unworthy Catholic prelate, who labored to preserve and advance the true Faith in a just and lawful manner, and by no other means; and pardoning his accusers, the friars, and their accomplices, the judges, and all who procured or concurred in his death. This discourse he wrote in prison and left the manuscript to his friends; fearing lest his last words should be misrepresented. It was printed and translated into several languages and there is a copy of it in the Propaganda archives and another in the Casanatense Library, Rome.

A hundred years had elapsed since a Catholic bishop had been executed there. The sad scene attracted an immense multitude of spectators, moved some by sympathy and others by curiosity to see how a victim of such exalted dignity, so famed for his noble deportment, would behave on the scaffold. It was such that it is recorded few could be found even among Protestants to entertain a doubt as to his innocence. Having concluded his discourse on the scaffold, he knelt for a time in prayer, and, with eyes raised heavenward, recited the psalm "*Miserere*" and other devout prayers; and, after uttering the words, "*in manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum,*" the cart was drawn and he was left hanging. The execution was carried out with all the barbarous accompaniments prescribed by the English criminal code. After being half hanged, he was disembowelled—that is, his bowels were cut out and burned before his glazing eyes—and his head cut off. This head or skull, which still bears the marks of the fire into which it was thrown and from which

it was snatched, is still religiously preserved in the custody of the Dominican nuns at Siena Convent, Drogheda.

Before his death he had asked and obtained permission to be buried in the last resting place of the Jesuits who during the persecution had been martyred at Tyburn. He was accordingly interred under the north wall in the church of St. Giles close to the remains of five Jesuits executed at Tyburn two years before where a brass plate bearing the following inscription marked his grave: "*In hoc tumulo requiescit corpus Rmi D D Oliverii Plunket, quondam Archiepiscopi Ardmachani, totius Hiberniae Primatus, qui in odium fidei a falsis fratribus laesae majestatis accusatus ab idque morti adjudicatus Tyburnae, laqueo suspensus, extractis internis et in ignem coniectis Martyrium constanter subiit. Regnante Carolo II Mag. Brit, etc., die 1 Julu, 1681.*"¹¹ The Droghedanuns also possess this relic of the Beato.

Father James Corker, an English Benedictine, who had been a fellow prisoner of Archbishop Plunket, whom he venerated as a confessor and martyr for the Faith and had spiritually consoled in prison, when he was made Abbot of Lambspring, in the diocese of Hildesheim in Germany, in 1693, caused the quartered limbs of the martyred Primate, which had been brought thither, to be reverently deposited in the Church of that Benedictine monastery. When the scattered members were disinterred at St. Giles the head and the arms from the elbow were placed in separate cases, as recorded in an authentic parchment document preserved in the Drogheda convent. This was in 1684, when the body was found to be incorrupt and, according to Hugh McMahon, Archbishop of Armagh, many miracles were wrought by it and it emitted a fragrant odor.¹² This odor (the odor of sanctity of which frequent mention is made in the lives of the saints) was distinctly perceptible to Cardinal Moran, when he visited the shrine at Drogheda, in which the martyr's head is preserved, on September 26, 1893. Father Corker erected a handsome monument to the martyr in the Benedictine church at Lambspring and, authorized by the Holy See, kept a perpetual lamp burning before his shrine, long before the introduction of his cause during the Pontificate of Leo XIII, in December, 1886. The head, originally enshrined in the Irish College in Rome, was presented by Father

¹¹ In the edict against bishops and regulars, there was a clause that whatever bishop or regular would have his name enrolled on the magistrate's list in the maritime ports, with the intention of taking his departure from the Kingdom, should suffer no molestation and be protected till a vessel would be found ready to sail for foreign countries. Some bishops entered their names in Dublin, and many regulars elsewhere, hoping that the storm would pass and peace and calm be restored.

¹² The date July 1, old style, corresponds to July 11 of the Gregorian calendar. Born at Loughcrew, in the county of Meath, in 1629, he had only reached the age of 52, and may be said to have been in his second prime.

Corker to Cardinal Norfolk, on whose demise it was given to the Dominican Friars from whose hands it passed into the possession of the Drogheda nuns, whose first prioress was Catherine Plunket, a near relative of the Primate. It is enclosed in a little ebony temple, at each of the four angles of which is a Corinthian pillar of silver; the sides being inlaid with silver plates, one of which bears the Plunket arms, surmounted by a silver mitre. On each angle of the roof is a silver flame, emblematical of martyrdom. The head itself is of a brown color and quite perfect, with the exception of the nose, which is slightly injured.

When the Benedictines were expelled from Lamspring in 1803 by the Prussian Government, their church became parochial. The martyr's relics were, however, vigilantly guarded. In 1883 the remains were translated to the monastery at Downside when the V. Rev. J. Aidan (now Cardinal) Gasquet was Prior. When they were examined at Lamspring for verification, they were found to be still in a very perfect condition; the flesh, though quite black, adhered to the bones; and the marks of the quartering were unmistakable on both flesh and bones; but when the box or casket was opened on its arrival in England it was discovered that the flesh had decayed and crumbled to a powder or dust, and the bones were in a state of decay. They were deposited in a stone tomb in the south aisle, near the Chapel of St. Laurence, in the abbatial church. The right hip bone and femur had been given to the parish priest at Lamspring in compliance with the directions of the Bishop of Hildesheim.

There are various relics of the martyr elsewhere. As he went to the scaffold he handed his beads to the servant who had waited on him during his imprisonment, and whose descendants still preserve that precious gift. The Dunsany branch of the Plunket family have his watch and other memorials; the Roscommon branch had a chalice and watch, which a representative presented to Cardinal Moran who deposited them in the diocesan college of St. Patrick, in Sydney. In the chapel of the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster there is a small packet containing pieces of linen which at the time of his execution were dipped in his blood. The Franciscan Convent at Taunton, in England, has also two pieces of linen similarly stained, and an arm bone, and in Stoneyhurst College in Lancashire there are other relics; while the Dominican Convent of St. Mary's, Cabra, near Dublin, is indebted to Cardinal Moran for another.

R. F. O'CONNOR.

IN NATURE'S REALM

THE POET'S ORIOLE

"A whirr of wings, a flash of light,
 A glimpse of orange and of night,
 A trill of song both sweet and low,—
 The sights and sounds that cheer us so."

—W. H. Sheak (*The Oriole*)

NATURALLY, the oriole in its various forms would be a bird the American poet could not overlook. The bird himself may not be romantically inclined at all—indeed, he is too vivid and virile a bird for that—but he does inspire poetical tributes. Whenever "an oriole flashes by," as J. T. Trowbridge notes in "Midsummer," the poet cannot help but remark it, there is something so challenging in his air:

"The kingly oriole glancing went
 Amid the foliage rare."

—Mrs. Sigourney

For, of course, his robes are royal, whether one considers the Baltimore bird's black and gold or the orchard oriole's black and chestnut, or the similar colors these brightly arrayed species affect. No eye can help but see oriole pass, no matter how swiftly and silently:

"And look! that flash of flamy wings,—
 The fire-plumed oriole!"

—Oliver Wendell Holmes

This comparison is a favorite one; even Holmes uses it twice:

"The oriole, drifting like a flake of fire
 Rent by the whirlwind from some blazing spire."

—Astraea

Bliss Carmen endorses the simile:

"Go hear the orioles whistle
 And pass like flecks of fire."

—(*Our Lady of the Rain*)

And Maurice Thompson thinks of the bird as a lampadrepore, a torch-bearer announcing Spring's advent:

"Oriole—athlete of the air—
Of fire and song a glowing core,
From tropic wildernesses fair,
Spring's favorite lampadrepore.
A hot flambeau on either wing
Ripples as you pass me by;
'Tis seeing flame to hear you sing,
'Tis hearing song to see you fly."

—(Spring's Torch-Bearer)

Isaac McClellan finds the bird royal indeed, for he calls it "the oriole splendid in purple and gold," though no oriole comes very near to purple in its colorings. Edgar Fawcett has a better thought, indeed, a most poetical one:

"At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?
Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,
Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?"

—(The Oriole)

It is noticeable that the bird's brilliance of plumage is reflected in his song, which is in the fashion musician's term *brilliant*, gay and sparkling as an ascending scale played on a musical instrument, flashing as a faceted diamond, bright as a snapping coal:

"And from the thorn it loves so well,
The oriole flings out its strong
Sharp lay, wrought in the crucible
Of its flame-circled soul of song."

—Maurice Thompson

Mr. Matthews says of the bird's ability: "The oriole is a musician in the fullest sense of the word. His ability to whistle a well-constructed song is unquestionable. His only fault is his fragmentary treatment of a good theme . . . he devotes too much time to preliminaries before he begins on the song that he is well able to round out to a satisfactory finish." Which idea one poet carries out in the hint of flute-tunings-up:

"The mellow tunings of the oriole's flute,
 Rich as his coat, foretell his summer joys,
 And pitch the key of gladness for the year."

—Robert U. Johnson (*A Spring Prelude*)

To Mr. Carman it is a flute of the same material as his vesture broideries:

"The oriole under Monadnoc
 Will cast his golden spells."

—(*The Word in the Beginning*)

It is noticeable that when the bird sings, he mounts to a conspicuous perch where he can see and be seen. In his poem, "*The Voice of the Pines*," Hamlin Garland says that "the robins, the orioles, the bright singers, flee these sighing pines," Mr. McGaffey also finds him fond of sunny places:

"The robin pipes when the sunlight shines,
 And the oriole sings in the tangled vines."

But it is Whittier who sees him in a most characteristic singing pose:

"And freely from the cherry-bough
 Above the casement swinging,
 With golden bosom to the sun,
 The oriole was singing."

—(*A Sabbath Scene*)

It is while wooing a mate, and until the brooding is over and family cares really begin, that the oriole is the most tuneful; in mid-summer he is not apt to be heard often, since he is too busy and perhaps too anxious of the safety of his young to spend much time in song. But later in the season there is a sort of musical revival in Orioledom, it may be the males who sang with such fervor in the spring are running over the "old songs," or it may be certain young males just testing out their golden flutes. But often in the fall one will discover an oriole singing near the abandoned cradle:

"The oriole, careless of its swinging nest,
 From whence the young have flown, a moment streaks
 The sky with fire and song, and then gives o'er."

—T. B. Read (*The New Pastoral*)

And then, when days grow chill and food scarce, no winter in oriole's year:

"Oh, happy life! to soar and sway
Above the life by mortals led,
Singing the merry months away,
Master, not slave, of daily bread,
And, when the Autumn comes, to flee
Wherever sunshine beckons thee!"

—Lowell

Regarding "how the oriole's nest is hung," upon which Whittier's "Barefoot Boy" was so well informed, the poet has several remarks to offer. Lowell, for instance, even helped with the materials:

"Hush! 'tis he!

My oriole, my glance of summer fire,
Is come at last, and, ever on the watch,
Twitches the pack-thread I had lightly wound
About the bough to help his housekeeping,—
Twitches and scouts by turns, blessing his luck,
Yet fearing me who laid it in his way.

* * * * *

Heave ho! Heave ho! he whistles as the twine,
Slackens its hold; once more, now! and a flash
Lightens across the sunlight to the elm
Where his mate dangles at her cup of felt."

—(Under the Willows)

In one of his prose essays, Lowell describes a nest-building he watched: "A pair of orioles built on the lowest trailer of a weeping-elm, which hung within ten feet of our drawing-room window, and so low that I could reach it from the ground. The nest was wholly woven and felted with ravellings of woolen carpet in which scarlet predominated. Would the same thing have happened in the woods? Or did the nearness of a human dwelling perhaps give the birds a greater feeling of security? They are very bold, by the way, in quest of cordage, and I have often watched them stripping the fibrous bark from a honeysuckle growing over the very door." Which observation he incorporated in poetical form:

"Then from the honeysuckle gray,
The oriole with experienced quest,
Twitches the fibrous bark away,
The cordage of his hammock-nest,
Cheering his labor with a note
Rich as the orange of his throat."

—Lowell (The Nest)

The result of this weaving, at which the oriole is a master, or rather mistress, is a beautiful cradle of the hammock type:

"Oh, how still the air is.
 There an oriole flew;
 What a jolly whistle!
 He's a sailor, too.
 Yonder is his hammock
 In the elm-top high;
 One more ballad, messmate!
 Sing it as you fly."

—Lucy Larcom (Swinging on a Birch Tree)

So durable is it, too, that it remains long after the leaves have fallen and the rains have beaten upon it:

"Two watched yon oriole's pendant dome,
 That now is void, and dark with rain."

—Lowell (Auf Wiedersehen)

Of the several species of oriole ranging America within wide or narrow limits, the one named Baltimore oriole is most popular, and indeed, the only member of the family mentioned by special name. This bird found a place in literature very early in the history of our country, for when Sir George Calvert came with his band of settlers to Maryland he wrote back to his friends that, worn out and discouraged by the hardships of the new land, nothing in the Chesapeake country so impressed him as the myriads of birds in its woods, and that the song and color of this oriole particularly cheered and delighted him. For this reason, when he became Lord Baltimore, he chose the orange and black of the oriole for the heraldic colors of the first lords and proprietors of Maryland. Of the bird, in this connection, Mr. Langille remarks: "And if Lord Baltimore, for whom he is named, could have equalled his brilliancy in the colors of his coat-of-arms, he was a gay fellow to lead a persecuted people into the wilderness."

Alexander Wilson has a poem in honor of the species, beginning:

"High on yon poplar clad in glossiest green,
 The orange-black-capp'd Baltimore is seen;
 The broad-extended boughs still please him best,
 Beneath their bending skirts he hangs his nest;
 There his sweet mate, secure from every harm,
 Broods o'er her spotted store, and wraps them warm."

—(The Baltimore Bird)

He also gives the bird its high-sounding title in another poem, "The Invitation":

'midst pendant boughs of green
The orange Baltimore is busy seen.
Borne from the points his netted nest is hung,
With hempen cordage, curiously strung;
Here his young nestlings safe from danger lie,
Their craving wants the teeming boughs supply;
Gay chants their guardian, as for food he goes,
And waving breezes rock them to repose."

He said much better things, or rather said them in a more pleasing style, in his ornithological papers; such as this interesting bit of history—ancient, but entertaining—on the construction of this "netted nest": "So solicitous is the Baltimore to procure proper materials for his nest that, in the season of building, the women in the country are under necessity of narrowly watching their thread that may chance to be out bleaching, and the farmer to secure his young grafts; as the Baltimore, finding the former, and the strings which tie the latter, so well adapted for his purpose, frequently carries off both." Vegetable fibres, yarn and twine, interlaced in every possible manner and well sewed together with horse-hair, make the purse-like nest so tensile that the bird's most common name indicates the style of cradle used:

"And there the hang-bird's brood within its little hammock swings."
—Bryant

"Alone the hangbird overhead
His hair-swung cradle straining,
Looked down to see love's miracle,—
The giving that is gaining."

—Whittier

"The hangbird in her hammock swung,
And tilting high among the leaves
Her red mate sang alone, or flung
The dewdrops on her lifted head."

—J. G. Holland

"Red" as a description of the bird's glowing colors is a bit of poetic license, since "orange" or "golden" did not fit the metre; it also hints another one of the bird's names,—the one Mr. Langille praises:

"Most appropriate . . . is this bird's Indian name 'Fire-Bird.' Appearing to the best advantage as he flies from you, does not

that rump of bright orange, surrounded by the jet-black of his head, shoulders, wings and tail, glow like a burning coal? And, as he spreads his tail in alighting, are not those light-orange outer feathers of the same about to burst into a flame?"

"In one bright trail the hang-bird's flashes blend," agrees Lowell, in "An Indian-Summer Reverie," a pretty line which could have been improved by using the Indian name, as Bryant does on an appropriate occasion:

"The hollow woods, in the setting sun,
Ring shrill with the fire-bird's lay."

—(An Indian Story)

And, as Mr. Langille remarks: "He is well worthy of the epithet 'Golden' is his old familiar name, Golden Robin, only he is no Robin at all." Of course, the poet would not care whether the name was ornithologically correct, if it sounds pleasing, and fits a meter, as it does so trippingly:

"Through the trees the golden robin moves."

—Longfellow (Autumn)

"I know his name, I know his note,
That so with rapture takes my soul;
Like flame the gold beneath his throat,
His glossy cope is black as coal."

—Wm. Dean Howells (The Song the Oriole Sings)

Though Alexander Wilson declares it is a poplar that pleases him best, Baltimore oriole shows a decided preference for another kind of tree:

"In ellum-shrouds the flashin' hang-bird clings,
An' for the summer vy'ge his hammock, slings;"

—Lowell (Bigelow Papers)

"And the wanderer is welcome to the hall
As the hang-bird is to the elm tree bough"

—Lowell (The Vision of Sir Launfal)

"In the elm flutes the golden robin."

—Hezekiah Butterworth (The Snowbird)

"outside

The sparrows sang, and the gold-robin cried,
A-swing upon his elm."

—Whittier (The Pennsylvania Pilgrim)

The elm is such a favorite because the gracefully drooping branches are elastic rockers for the cradle. But he is also fond of

appletree's wealth of withy branches, fragrant blossoms, and leafy canopies; and often returns a second year to a choice site:

"The golden robin on the apple bough
Hovers, where last year's withered nest had been."

—Isaac McClellan (*Nature's Invitation*)

William Cullen Bryant has noted the Baltimore oriole's sprightly cheerfulness of song, with its robin-like monotonous repetitions, never tiresome because the bird is so happy in his fiving:

"Sweet are the wood-notes, loud and sweet,
Poured from the robin's and hang-bird's seat,"—

he finds them in the spring, while in the fall the bird's lyrical revival seems the outpourings of a naturally happy spirit relieved from care:

"And from his perch on high
The hang-bird sang his ditty o'er and o'er"

—(October, 1866)

"There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and the wren,"
—(The Gladness of Nature)

The words he sings have been variously interpreted, such as "Will you, will you really?"—"Hero, hero, hero!"—"Cherrily, cheerily, cheerily—cheerup!" and

"On the elm branch gayly swinging,
Where the tender young leaves curl,
Sits a Golden Robin, singing:

'Pretty girl,
Pretty, pretty, pretty girl!'"

—Nathan H. Dole (*The Baltimore Oriole*)

The orchard oriole has not been mentioned by name, but the poet has often hinted this species in his lines:

"Every spring it is just the same!
And because it is, I am sure to see
The Oriole's flash of vivid flame
In the pink-white bloom of the apple-tree."

—Julia C. B. Dorr (*Over and Over*)

Orchard is not quite so gay a bird as his cousin Baltimore, but only because chestnut-red is a trifle nearer bark color than orange; he is a lively fellow, and flickers from branch to branch in true oriole fashion so that his presence is generally known:

"On yon spray, the bright oriole dances and sings,
With his rich, crimson bosom, and glossy black wings;"

—A. B. Street (*Fowling*)

He is inclined to resent intrusion, and to look upon the orchard as his own, which Lowell has remarked anent his fruit-gathering excursions into these domains:

“while aloof
The oriole clattered and the robin shrilled,
Denouncing me an alien and a thief.”

The orioles Lowell saw using honey-suckle fibre and carpet ravellings were probably Baltimore birds, as their long, purse-like castles in the air are made from a miscellaneous collection of materials, while orchard oriole prefers a one-fabric nest, using grass in most instances. Orchard's nest is generally a beautiful thing, being made of green grasses so recently dried as to retain their color and freshness and sweetness, like cured hay. The interweaving of these tough grass blades is marvelous. Alexander Wilson detached one of them from the nest, and found it measured thirteen inches in length, and was hooked through and back thirty-four times, winding round and round the nest. “An old lady of my acquaintance, to whom I was one day showing this curious fabrication, after admiring its texture for some time, asked me, in a tone between joke and earnest, whether I did not think it possible to teach these birds to darn stockings.”

The nest is almost a perfect hemisphere, and is swung from the tip of a branch, apple-twigg preferred, where it dangles like a lovely little sweet-grass basket:

“And where the oriole hung her swaying nest
By every light wind like a censer swung;”
—T. B. Read (The Closing Scene)

The architects and builders of these artistic summer bungalows must appreciate their own work, for frequently they are seen loitering about for a farewell look before departing for the south, and upon their return in the spring, searching out the old home. The following is a typical spring scene in the orchard:

“The sun on the oriole's flashing breast
As he flits through the rosy apple-flowers,
A waning moon in the tender west,
And, high in the boughs, an empty nest
Beaten by winter's blasts and showers;—
Hush! his ravishing carol rings
From the topmost twig he makes his throne!
Rich as the hue of his glancing wings—
Mellow as flute-notes zephyr-blown

Down Phrygian dells when day is done—
 Oriole, singing aloft in the sun,
 The waning moon and the empty nest,
 Shadow and silence, at God's behest,
 Follow shine and the brood in the bowers;
 Follow, and who knows which is best?
 Sing on, by the rosy apple-flowers."

—Edna Dean Proctor (The Oriole)

The oriole is one of man's best bird-friends, being useful as an insect destroyer and a bright and cheerful and faithful comrade, and as the poet well knows, has his own particular place in making the earth a pleasant place to be in:

"The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell."

—Bryant (June)

THE NIGHT-HAWK IN FLIGHT

"And the night-hawks over the trees would flit
 And out through the night go roaming."

—Ernest McGaffey (Twilight)

Though Audubon complains that the "name of this bird disagrees with the most marked characteristics of its habits, for it flies during the day, even when the sun is shining," is still well named, since it is most active towards twilight. To be sure, during the busy season the bird seems constantly on the wing; I have seen it in July wheeling over the down-town district in Duluth at ten o'clock in the morning, and throughout the day as long as I could see; and after watching it fly all evening long over the hotels and office buildings on Superior Street, calling its plaintive, skirling, grating *Skay-yak*, I have been kept awake through the moonlit night into dawn, by the iterated cry as it milled round and round over my flat-top, back and forth, regular as a pendulum swinging over with a loud tick. If the bird ever rests in July, it is only when it finds a "buddy" to spell it off, for the alert listener can always find one within call.

I remember one bright July night, in particular, when the bird's tireless call came through my window regularly as clock-work, every two minutes, always the same pitch, volume, and tone, until I was certain it had some visible mark over which it passed on its rounds and which was labeled "Squeak now,"—so faithfully did he repeat

his cry just as he reached the latitude and longitude of my window. I could say, with Thomas B. Read:

"Above,
The dreary night-hawk wheels on mournful wings,
Like some doomed spirit seeking for its mate,
And pours his bitter wail."

(The New Pastoral)

Had I been guilty of murdering the lost mate I could not have been more energetically haunted.

It is as Mr. Keyser says in his collection of entertaining essays entitled "In Bird Land," "As a rule, the gloaming is the favorite time for the night-hawk's wing-exercises; then he may be seen whirling, curveting, mounting, and plunging, often at a dizzy height, gathering his supper of insects as he flies; but his petulant call is often heard at other hours of the day, perhaps at noon when the sun is shining with fierce warmth. Even during a shower he seems to be fond of haunting the cloudy canopy, toying with the wind."

Being a "mosquito hawk," as it is often called, night-hawk must be a-wing at the hours food is most plentiful, such as twilight, moonlight, and cloudy days; when companies go hawking in rapid, easy, protracted flight, round and round as the insects gather:

"With noiseless sweep of wings
The night-hawks wheel, then poise, then wheel again."

—H. H. C. (Crepuscle)

Mr. Abbott has a good paragraph descriptive of this evening occupation: "During August, and from that month until frosty weather, they are birds of the gloaming; and the sunset sky, be it never so brilliant, would lose a charm were not these strange birds forever darting to and fro. Their flight is swallow-like, and, if not quite as graceful, has sufficient charm to keep us on the watch and ever wondering by what subtle power they can dart and twist and dive, catching insects all the while, and yet find time to sing after a fashion. I say 'sing,' because the note is not harsh and is too frequently repeated to be classed as a mere impatient ejaculation, which was at one time my impression; but during the summer of 1895 the birds were unusually abundant, and I often took my stand on the highest point of a rolling field, where, remaining quiet, the night-hawks came near. While the glow of the setting sun was yet across the landscape the birds remained high in the air, and it was not until the vesper-sparrows had ceased singing that the night-hawks came

nearer to the earth. There seemed reason for this. There was a warm stratum of air on the level at which I stood, and into this the insects rose from the damp depressions near by. This I could see; and now to meet them came the night-hawks. To stand like a statue and heroically ignore the mosquitoes was very tiresome; but I was repaid. I saw more clearly and heard more distinctly these strange birds of the gloaming, and of the night, for when the darkness deepened and every object became indistinct, the whirr of their wings and their happy expressions of content still trembled in the air."

Fittingly, in "Marsh Echoes," the poet records that

"Over head the ghostly night-hawk flits."

—G. C. D. Roberts

for that is just the place for the mosquito hawk to be ranging, almost any time of the day, and particularly

"In that half-dreamy hour that awakes the whippoorwill,
And sets the night-hawks darting sinister and subtle."

—Martha G. D. Bianchi (Back to the Farm)

The bird's hunting cry has been variously described. Being a sharp *EEK*, or *peent*, or *yak*, or *scape* or *sky-yak*, according to various interpretations, Julia C. B. Dorr's line in "The River Otter" seems particularly well thought out:

"The wild night-hawk its trumpet blew."

But heard at a distance much of this sharpness is lost, and so to Mr. Lampman, as to many

"A peevish night-hawk in the western sky
Beats up into lucent solitudes
Or drops with guiding wing."

—(Evening)

In addition to his sharp trumpet call the bird has another accomplishment, and that is his "booming," mostly confined to the breeding season, but sometimes heard later in the year. Just how it is made has been the subject of much conjecture.

Mr. Chapman's description is: "Sometimes in May or June, if you happen to be where night-hawks are found—for they are rather local in distribution when nesting—you may hear a strange booming, rushing sound; you will vainly seek its cause until you chance to see a night-hawk with set wings diving earthward from the sky. It is a reckless performance, and you may suppose the bird's object is suicidal, but, when within a few yards of the earth, it will turn

suddenly upward. At this moment you will hear the loud, humming sound, doubtless made by the air passing through the bird's stiffened wing-quills." Mr. Roberts seems of the same opinion as to the origin of the boom:

"In the high pale heaven he flits and calls;
Then swift, oh, swift,
On sounding wing
That hums like a string,
To the quiet glades where the gnat-clouds drift
And the night-moths flicker, he falls."

—C. G. D. Roberts (*The Night-Hawk*)

Audubon thought it was somehow produced by the wings, to which Mr. Langille agrees: "The latter would seem to be more the probable conjecture, as one can always see a change in the wings as the noise is going on. Alexander Wilson, on the other hand, says of the bird, "He suddenly precipitates himself head foremost and with great rapidity down sixty or eighty feet, wheeling up again as suddenly, at which instant is heard a loud booming sound very much resembling that produced by blowing strongly into the bung-hole of an empty hogshead, and which is doubtless produced by the sudden expansion of his capacious mouth while he passes through the air." So hints Mr. Read in his lines:

"The milkmaid sings, and, while she stoops,
Her hands keep time; the night-hawk's wail
Pierces the twilight, till he swoops
And mocks the sounding pail."

—(*Sylvia*)

Mr. Nuttall, too, inclines to the open-mouth theory "a hollow whirr, like the rapid turning of a spinning wheel, or a strong blowing into the bung-hole of an empty hogshead, which is supposed to be produced by the action of air in the open mouth of the bird."

"Weird utterance, wafted over heath and wood,
That evening's precious odors impregnate,
Whose sound with some vague fear freezes the blood
Like whirring of the spinning-wheel of Fate."

—Anon. (*The Night-Hawk's Note*)

Mr. Keyser has a third explanation: "This sound is always produced as he plunges in an almost perpendicular course from a dizzy height,—or, more correctly at the end of that headlong plunge, just as he sweeps around in a graceful curve. There is something almost sepulchral about the reverberating sound. How it is pro-

duced is a problem over which there has been no small amount of discussion in ornithological circles. But after considerable study of this queer performance, I am persuaded that it is a vocal outburst, produced either for its musical effect (though it is far from musical) or else to give vent to the bird's exuberance of feeling as he makes his swift descent.

"His thick, curved bill seems admirably adapted to produce this sound, as do also his arched throat and neck. It has seemed to me, too, that his mandibles fly open at the moment the boom is heard, although I cannot be sure such is the case. Besides, the peculiar chuckle previously referred to had about it a quality of sound suggestive of kinship with the bird's resounding boom." (This chuckle Mr. Keyser heard when the parent birds were circling and hovering about him to frighten him from the nest, "often coming into uncomfortable proximity with my head, and muttering under their breath, *Chuckle! chuckle!*") The hollow, wheezy alarm-call of the young birds, heard on several of my visits to the nest in the marsh, corroborates this theory. But there is still further proof that this hypothesis is correct. The night-hawk often makes his headlong plunge without booming at all, but merely utters his ordinary rasping, aerial call, which has been translated by the syllable *Spe-ah*. Then he sometimes combines the two calls, and on such occasions both of the sounds are uttered with a diminished loudness, as one would expect if both are vocal performances, but as one would *not* expect if the booming were made by the concussion of the bird's wings with the resisting air, as some ornithologists suppose. The female sometimes booms, but her voice obviously lacks the strong, resounding quality that characterizes the voice of her liege lord."

A pretty good case it is Mr. Keyser makes out for his theory, and worth further consideration. Whatever J. G. Holland's notion, his lines agree with Mr. Keyser:

"In devious circles, round and round,
The night-hawk coursed the twilight sky,
Or shot like lightning the profound
With breezy thunder in the cry
That marked his furious rebound!"

—(The Mistress of the Manse)

As a musician, Mr. Matthews' opinion, as given in his "Field Book of Wild Birds and Their Music," is interesting: "The night-

hawk has no song; but that one bass note which he produces with his wings proclaims him the bass trumpet player of Nature's orchestra. He is a sky-scraper and an erratic wanderer on the wing. He seems to go no way in particular, and to have no place in particular for which he shapes his course it is a decidedly 'go as you please' performance with an obbligato rasping, double-toned accompaniment of *geeps*, and it will presently end as if he had been shot. Down he drops vertically eighty feet or more, then suddenly recovers himself and you hear a subdued boom like that of the bass trumpet in the brass band! It is he, and not, as you may at first suppose, 'the bull-frog in the pool.' The remarkable tone is produced by the rush of air through the bird's primaries!" Wilson makes a mistake about the cause of the noise which is a bit amusing; had he only understood the principles of diaphonics, he would have known that the mouth of the bird must necessarily expand to the size of the "empty hogshead" to support his theory. Of these two poets, Whittier, at least, seems to agree with the "wing-vibration" theory:

"While falling night-hawks scream and boom
Like rockets."

—Hamlin Garland (At Dusk)

"We heard the night-hawk's sullen plunge."

—Whittier (Among the Hills)

This bellowing fall, whatever its origin, connected with the bird's twilight roamings, has given it the name of "Bull-Bat," whether booming or not:

"From out the hills where twilight stands,
Above the shadowy pasture lands,
With strained and strident cry,
Beneath pale skies that sunset bands,
The bull-bats fly."

—Madison Cawein (Evening on the Farm)

"Note the bull-bat's noiseless flight
Through the silver gray of night."

—Charles E Banks (Wisdom)

It is also a vibrating sound, a jar "as if a fully charged telegraph wire was struck by a bit of metal," according to Mrs. Wright, who advocates the wing-theory: "now conceded to come from its habit of dropping suddenly through the air, thus making a sort of stringed instrument of its pinions." This jar, or grating chur-r-r-r

if made by the vocal cords, is the origin of another name for the bird:

“And in the sky’s dome

Like resonant chords the sweeping night-jars call.”

—C. G. D. Roberts (When Milking-Time is Done)

Flying mainly in the dusky part of the day, the bird quite appropriately wears sooty-black much barred with rusty brown, to match the earth below, and white much barred with black to match the sky above, with white throat and white bands on the wings to avoid being hidden from sight altogether. The white bands are particularly showy, and can be seen from afar because of the twinkling effect they give the wings; it is as though the bird carries a tiny mirror, or a silver medal, on each wing.

Of course, the poet would not fail to remark the bird’s colors. Madison Cawein, watching him in the gloaming, perhaps on an autumn night just before migration, sees the somber mixture of wood brown and loamy black:

“When, o’er the lonely, leaf-blown lane,
The night-hawk like a dead leaf flies!”

—(Imitations of the Beautiful)

Carlos Wilcox, however, notices that glint of quicksilver dripping from each wing, and he also gives such a word-picture of the bird, even to its squeak and its boom, that nothing more need be said on the subject:

“In mid-air, the sportive night-hawk, seen
Flying awhile at random, uttering oft
A cheerful cry, attended with a shake
Of level pinions, dark, but when upturned
Against the brightness of the western sky,
One white plume showing in the midst of each,
Then far down diving with a hollow sound.”

—(Spring in New England)

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